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West-ward Ho

by

Dexter & Webster.

Otby canal

IV

VVEST-VVARD HOE.

As it hath beene diuers times Acted by the Children of Paules.

Written by Tho: Decker, and Iohn Webster.

Printed at London, and to be sold by Iohn Hodgets dwelling in Paules Churchyard.

1607

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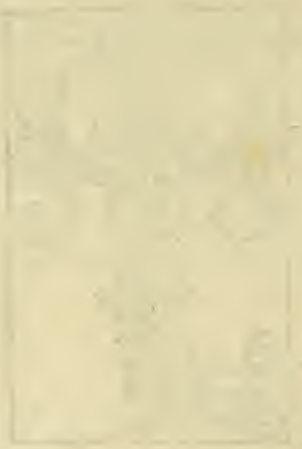
May, 1878

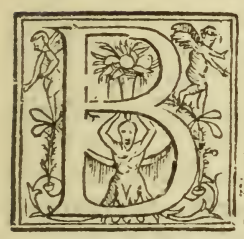


VVEST-VVARD HOE

SCÆNE LONDON,

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mistris Birdlime and Taylour.



Birdlime. Stay Taylour, This is the House, pray thee looke the gowne be not rufled: as for the Iewels and Pretious Stones, I know where to finde them ready presently. Shee that must weare this gowne if she wil receiue it, is Maister *Iustinianos* wife (the *Italian* Marchant) my good old Lord and Maister, that hath beene a Tylter this twenty yeere, hath sent it. Mum Taylor, you are a kinde of Bawd. Taylor, if this Gentlewomans Husband should chaunce to bee in the way now, you shall tell him that I keepe a Hot-house in Gunpowder Ally (neere crouched Fryers) and that I haue brought home his wiues foule Linnen, and to colour my knauery the better, I haue heere three or foure kindes of complexion, which I will make shewe of to sell vnto her: the young Gentlewoman hath a good Citty wit, I can tell you, shee hath red in the Italian Courtyer, that it is a speciall ornament to gentlewomen to haue skill in painting.

Taylour. Is my Lord acquainted with her?

Bird. O, I.

Taylor. Faith Mistris *Birdlime* I doe not commend my Lordes choyce so well: now me thinkes he were better to set vp a Dairy, and to keepe halfe a score of lusty wholesome honest Countrey Wenches.

Bird. Honeſt Countrey Wenches, in what hundred ſhall a man find two of that ſimple vertue?

Tay. Or to loue ſome Lady, there were equality and coherence.

Bir. Taylor, you talk like an aſſe, I tel thee ther is equality inough betweene a Lady and a Citty dame, if their haire be but of a colour: name you any one thing that your cittizens wife coms ſhort of to your Lady. They haue as pure Linnen, as choyce painting, loue greene Geeſe in ſpring, Mallard and Teale in the fall, and Woodcocke in winter. Your Cittizens wife learnes nothing but fopperies of your Ladie, but your Lady or Iuſtice-a-peace Madam, carries high wit from the Citty, namely, to receiue all and pay all: to awe their Husbands, to check their Husbands, to controule their husbands; nay, they haue the tricke ont to be ſick for a new gowne, or a Carcanet, or a Diamond, or ſo: and I wis this is better wit, then to learne how to weare a Scotch Farthingale: nay more.

Enter Prentiſe.

Heere comes one of the ſeruants: you remember Taylor that I am deafe: obſerue that.

Taylor. I thou art in that like one of our young Gulles, that will not vnderſtand any wrong is done him, becauſe hee dares not anſwer it.

Bird. By your leaue Batcheller: is the gentlewoman your Miſtris ſtirring?

Prent. Yes ſhe is mouing.

Bird. What ſayes he?

Taylor. Shee is vp.

Bird. Wheres the Gentleman your Maiſter, pray you?

Pr. Wher many women deſire to haue their husbands, abroad.

Bird. I am very thicke of hearing.

Prent. Why abroad? you ſmell of the Bawd.

Bird. I pray you tell her heres an olde Gentlewoman would ſpeake with her.

Prent. So.

Tay. What, will you be deafe to the gentlewoman when ſhee comes to?

Bird. O no, ſhees acquainted well inough with my knauery.

Enter the Marchants Wife.

She comes.

How do you sweet Ladie?

Ma. Wife. Lady.

Bird. By Gods me I hope to call you Lady ere you dye, what mistris do you sleepe well on nights.

M. Wife. Sleepe, I as quietly as a Clyent hauing great businesse with Lawyers.

Bir. Come, I am come to you about the old suit: my good Lord and maister hath sent you a veluet gowne heare: doe you like the colour? three pile, a pretty fantasticall trimming, I would God you would say it by my troth. I dreamt last night, you lookt so prettily, so sweetly, me thought so like the wisest Lady of them al, in a veluet gowne.

M. Wife. Whats the forepart?

Bird. A very pretty stuffe, I know not the name of your forepart, but tis of a haire colour.

M. Wife. That it was my hard fortune, beeing so well brought vp, hauing so great a portion to my marriage, to match so vnluckily? Why my husband and his whole credit is not worth my apparell, well, I shall vndergoe a strange report in leauing my husband.

Bird. Tush, if you respect your credit, neuer thinke of that, for beauty couets rich apparell, choyce dyet, excellent Physicke, No German Clock nor Mathematicall Ingin whatsoeuer, requires so much reparation as a womans face: and what meanes hath your Husband to allow sweet Doctor Glister-pipe, his pention. I haue heard that you haue threescore Smocks, that cost three poundes a Smocke, will these smockes euer hold out with your husband? no, your linnen and your apparell must turne ouer a new leafe I can tell you.

Tay. O admirable Bawd? O excellent *Birdlime?*

Bird. I haue heard he loued you before you were marryed intyrely, what of that? I haue euer found it most true in myne owne experyence, that they which are most violent dotards before their marryage are most voluntary Cuckoldes after. Many are honest, either because they haue not means, or because they haue not opportunity to be dishonest, and this Italian your Husbands Countryman, holdes it impossible any of

their Ladies ſhould be excellent witty, and not make the vttermoſt vſe of their beauty, will you be a foole then?

M. Wife Thou do'ſt perſwade me to Ill, very well.

Bird. You are nice and peeuiſh, how long will you holde out thinke you? not ſo long as *Oſtend*.

Enter Iuſtiniano the Marchant.

Paſſion of me, your husband? Remember that I am deafe, and that I come to ſell you complexion: truely Miſtris I will deale very reaſonably with you.

Iuſt. What are you? Say ye?

Bird. I forſooth.

Iuſt. What my moſt happy wife?

Ma. Wife Why your Iealiouſie?

Iuſt. Iealiouſie: in faith I do not feare to looſe that I haue loſt already: What are you?

Bird. Pleaſe your good worſhip I am a poor Gentlewoman, that caſt away my ſelfe vppon an vnthrifty Captaine, that liues now in Ireland, I am faine to picke out a poore liuing with ſelling complexion, to keepe the frailty (as they ſay) honeſt.

Iuſti. Whats he? complexion to? you are a bawd.

Bird. I thanke your good worſhip for it.

Iuſt. Do not I know theſe tricks,
That which thou makeſt a colour for thy ſinne,
Hath beene thy firſt vndoing? painting, painting.

Bird. I haue of all ſorts forſooth? Heere is the burned powder of a Hogs Iaw-bone, to be laide with the Oyle of white Poppy, an excellent *Fucus* to kill Morphew, weede out Freckles, and a moſt excellent ground-worke for painting; Heere is *Ginimony* likewiſe burnt, and puluerized, to be mingled with the iuyce of Lymmons, ſublimate Mercury, and two ſpoonefuls of the flowers of Brimſtone, a moſt excellent receite to cure the fluſhing in the face.

Iuſti. Doe you heare, if you haue any buſineſſe to diſpatch with that deafe goodneſſe there, pray you take leaue: opportunity, that which moſt of you long for (though you neuer bee with Child) opportunity? I'le find ſome idle buſineſſe in the mean time, I wil, I will in truth, you ſhall not neede feare me, or you may ſpeake French, moſt of your kinds can vnderſtand French: god buy you.

Being

Being certaine thou art falſe: ſleepe, ſleepe my braine,
for doubt was onely that, which fed my paine. *Exit Iuſt.*

Ma. Wife. You ſee what a hel I liue in, I am reſolu'd to leaue him.

Bird. O the moſt fortunat Gentlewoman, that will be ſo wiſe, and ſo, ſo prouident, the *Caroche* ſhall come.

M. Wife. At what houre?

Bird. Iuſt when women & vintners are a cuniuring at midnight. O the entertainment my Lord will make you, ſweet Wines, luſty dyet, perfumed linnen, ſoft beds, O moſt fortunat Gentlewoman.

Enter Iuſtiniano.

Iuſt. Haue you done? haue you diſpatch? tis well, and in troth what was the motion?

M. Wife. Motion, what motion?

Iuſti. Motion, why like the motion in law, that ſtaies for a day of hearing, yours for a night of hearing. Come lets not haue April in your eyes I pray you, it ſhewes a wanton month followes your weeping? Loue a woman for her teares? Let a man loue Oiſters for their water, for women though they ſhoulde weepe licour enough to ſerue a Dyer, or a Brewer, yet they may bee as ſtale as Wenches, that trauaile euery ſecond tyde betweene Graues ende, and Billingſgate.

Ma. Wife This madneſſe ſhewes very well.

Iuſt. Why looke you, I am wonderous merry, can any man diſcerne by my face, that I am a Cuckold? I haue known many ſuſpected for men of this misfortune; when they haue walkt thorow the ſtreetes, weare their hats ore their eye-browes, like pollitick penthouſes, which commonly make the ſhop of a Mercer, or a Linnen Draper, as dark as a roome in Bedlam. His cloak ſhrouding his face, as if he were a Neopolitan that had loſt his beard in Aprill, and if he walk through the ſtreet, or any other narrow road (as tis rare to meete a Cuckold) hee duckes at the penthouſes, like an Antient that dares not flouriſh at the oath taking of the *Pretor*, for feare of the ſigne-poſts? Wife, wife, do I any of theſe? Come what newes from his Lordſhip? has not his Lordſhips vertue once gone againſt the haire, and coueted corners.

M. Wife. Sir, by my ſoule I will be plaine with you.

Iuſti.

Iust. Except the forehead deere wife, except the forehead.

Ma. Wife. The Gentleman you spake of hath often solicited my loue, and hath receiued from me most chast denials.

Iust. I, I, prouoking resistance, tis as if you come to buy wares in the Citty, bid mony fort, your Mercer, or Gold-smith sayes, truely I cannot take it, lets his customer passe his stall; next, nay perhaps two, or three, but if he finde he is not prone to returne of himselfe, hee cals him backe, and backe, and takes his mony: so you my deere wife, (O the pollicy of women, and Tradsmen: theile bite at any thing.)

M. Wife. What would you haue me do? all your plate and most part of your Iewels are at pawne, besides I heare you haue made ouer all your estate to men in the Towne heer? What would you haue me do? would you haue mee turne common sinner, or sell my apparell to my wastcoat and become a Landresse?

Iust. No Landresse deere wife, though your credit would goe farre with Gentlemen for taking vp of Linnen: no Landresse?

M. Wife. Come, come, I will speake as my misfortune prompts me, Iealiousie hath vndone many a Cittizen, it hath vndone you, and me. You married me from the seruice of an honorable Lady, and you knew what matches I mought haue had, what woulde you haue me to do? I would I had neuer seene your eies, your eies.

Iust. Very good, very good.

M. Wife. Your prodigality, your diceing, your riding abroad, your consorting your selfe with Noble men, your building a summer house hath vndone vs, hath vndoone vs? What would you haue me doe?

Iusti. Any thing: I haue sold my House, and the wares int? I am going for Stoad next tide, what will you do now wife?

Ma. Wife. Haue you indeed?

Iust. I by this light a's one, I haue done as some Cittizens at thirty, and most heires at three and twenty, made all away, why doe you not aske me now what you shall do?

Ma. Wife. I haue no counsell in your voiage, neither shall you haue any in mine.

Iust. To his Lordship: wil you not wife?

Ma. Wif. Euen whether my misfortune leades me.

Iusti.

Iusti. Goe, no longer will I make my care thy prison.

M. Wife. O my fate; well sir, you shall answere for this sinne which you force mee to; fare you well, let not the world condemne me, if I seeke for mine owne maintenance.

Iust. So, so.

M. Wife. Do not send me any letters; do not seeke any reconcilement. By this light Ile receiue none, if you will send mee my apparell so, if not choose, I hope we shall neare meete more.

Exit Ma. Wife.

Iusti. So, farewell the acquaintance of all the mad Deuils that haunt Iealiousie, why should a man bee such an asse to play the antick for his wiues appetite? Immagine that I, or any other great man haue on a velues Night-cap, and put case that this night-cap be to little for my eares or forehead, can any man tell mee where my Night-cap wringes me, except I be such an asse to proclaime it; Well, I do play the foole with my misfortune very handsomly. I am glad that I am certaine of my wiues dishonesty; for a secret strumpet, is like mines prepard to ruine goodly buildings. Farewel my care, I haue told my wife I am going for Stoad; thats not my course, for I resolue to take some shape vpon me, and to liue disguised heere in the Citty; they say for one Cuckolde to knowe that his friend is in the like head-ake, and to giue him counsell, is as if there were two partners, the one to bee arrested, the other to baile him: my estate is made ouer to. My friends, that doe verily beleeue, I meane to leaue England. Haue amongst you Citty dames? You that are indeede the fittest, and most proper persons for a Comedy, nor let the world lay any imputation vpon my disguise, for Court, Citty, and Countrey, are meerely as maskes one to the other, enuied of some, laught at of others, and so to my comicall businesse. *Exit Iustiniane.*

Enter Maister Tenterhooke, his Wife, Maister Monopoly, a Scriuener and a Casheire.

Ten. Moll.

Moll. What would hart?

Tenter. Wheres my *Casheire*, are the summes right? Are the bonds seald?

Seruant. Yea sir.

Tent. Will you haue the bags seald?

Mono. O no sir, I must disburs instantly: we that be Courtyers haue more places to send mony to, then the diuell hath to send his spirits: theres a great deale of light gold.

Tent. O sir, twill away in play, and you will stay till to morrow you shall haue it all in new soueraignes.

Mony. No, in-troth tis no matter, twill a way in play, let me see the bond? let me see when this mony is to bee paid? the tenth of August. The first day that I must tender this mony, is the first of Dog-daies.

Scrue. I feare twill be hot staying for you in London then.

Tent. Scriuener, take home the bond with you.
Will you stay to dinner sir? Haue you any Partridge Moll?

Moll. No in-troth hart, but an excellent pickeld Goose, a new seruice: pray you stay.

Mono. Sooth I cannot: by this light I am so infinitly, so vnboundably beholding to you?

Tent. Well *Signior*, Ile leaue you; My cloake there?

Moll. When will you come home hart?

Tent. Introth selfe I know not, a friend of yours and mine hath broke.

Moll. Who sir?

Tent. Maister *Iustiniano* the *Italian*.

Moll. Broke sir.

Tent. Yea sooth, I was offred forty yesterday vpon the Exchange, to assure a hundred.

Mol. By my troth I am sorry.

Tent. And his wife is gone to the party.

Mol. Gone to the party? O wicked creature?

Tent. Farewell good maister *Monopoly*, I pre-thee visit mee often. *Exit Tenter.*

Mono. Little Moll, send away the fellow?

Mol. Phill. Phillip.

Seruant. Heere forsooth.

Moll. Go into Bucklers-bury and fetch me two ounces of preserued *Melounes*, looke there be no Tobacco taken in the shoppe when he weighes it.

Ser.

Ser. I forsooth.

Mono. What doe you eate preserued Melounes for Moll?

Mol. Introth for the shaking of the hart, I haue heere sometime such a shaking, and downwards such a kind of earth-quake (as it were.)

Mono. Doe you heare, let your man carry home my mony to the ordinary, and lay it in my Chamber, but let him not tell my host that it is mony: I owe him but forty pound, and the Rogue is hasty, he will follow me when he thinks I haue mony, and pry into me as Crowes perch vpon Carion, and when he hath found it out, prey vpon me as Heraldes do vpon Funerals.

Mol. Come, come, you owe much mony in Towne: when you haue forfeited your bond, I shall neare see you more?

Mono. You are a Monky, Ile pay him for's day: Ile see you to morrow to.

Moll. By my troth I loue you very honestly, you were neuer the gentleman offred any vnciuility to me, which is strange methinks in one that comes from beyond Seas, would I had giuen a Thousand pound I could not loue thee so.

Mono. Do you heare, you shall faine some scuruy dysease or other, and go to the Bath next spring,

Enter Mistris Honisuckle, and Mistris Wafer.

Ile meete you there.

Hony. By your leaue sweet mistris Tenterhooke.

Mol. O, how dost partner?

Mono. Gentlewomen I stayed for a most happy wind, and now the breath from your sweet, sweet lips, should set me going: good mistris *Honisuckle*; good mistris *Wafer*, good mistris *Tenterhooke*, I will pray for you, that neither rmall shippe in loues, pureness of painting, or riding out of town, nor acquainting each other with it, be a cause your sweet beauties do fall out, and raile one vpon another.

Wafer. Raile sir, we do not vse to raile.

Mono. Why mistris, railing is your mother tongue as well as lying.

Hony. But, do you thinke we can fall out?

Mono. In troth beauties (as one spake seriously) that there was no inheritance in the amity of Princes, so thinke I of Women,

men, too often interviewes amongst women, as amongst Princes, breeds enuy oft to others fortune, there is only in the amity of women an estate for will, and euery puny knowes that is no certaine inheritance.

Wafer. You are merry sir.

Man. So may I leaue you most fortunat gentlewoman. *Exit.*

Moll. Loue shoots heare.

Waf. Tenterhooke, what Gentleman is that gon out, is he a man?

Hony. O God and an excellent Trumpetter,
He came lately from the vniuersity, and loues Citty dames only for their victuals, he hath an excellent trick to keepe Lobsters and Crabs sweet in summer, and cals it a deuise to prolong the dayes of shel-fish, for which I do suspect he hath beene Clarke to some Noblemans kitchen. I haue heard he neuer loues any Wench, tell shee bee as stale as Frenchmen eate their wilde foule, I shall anger her.

Mol. How stale good Mistris nimble-wit?

Hony. Why as stale as a Country Ostes, an Exchange Sempster, or a Court Landresse.

Mol. He is your consin, how your tongue runs?

Hony. Talke and make a noise, no matter to what purpose, I haue learn'd that with going to puritan Lectures. I was yesterday at a banquet, wil you discharge my ruffes of some wafers, and how doth thy husband *Wafer*?

Waf. Faith very well.

Hony. He is iust like a Torchbearer to Maskers, he wears good cloathes, and is rankt in good company, but he doth nothing: thou art faine to take al, and pay all.

Mol. The more happy she, would I could make such an asse of my husband to. I heare say he breeds thy childe in his teeth euerie yeare.

Waf. In faith he doth.

Hony. By my troth tis pitty but the foole shoulde haue the other two paines incident to the head.

Waf. What are they?

Hony. Why the head-ake and horne-ake.
I heard say that he would haue had thee nurst thy Childe thy selfe to. *Waf.* That he would truely.

Hony.

Hony. Why theres the policy of husbands to keepe their Wiues in. I doe assure you if a VVoman of any markeable face in the Worlde giue her Childe sucke, looke how many wrinckles be in the Nipp'le of her breast, so many will bee in her forheade by that time twelue moneth: but sirra, we are come to acquaint thee with an excellent secret: we two learne to write.

Mol. To write?

Hony. Yes beleeue it, and wee haue the finest Schoole maister, a kind of Precision, and yet an honest knaue to: by my troth if thou beest a good wench let him teach thee, thou mayst send him of any arrant, and trust him with any secret; nay, to see how demurely he will beare himselfe before our husbands, and how iocond when their backes are turn'd.

Mol. For Gods loue let me see him.

Waf. To morrow weele send him to thee: til then sweet Tenterhook we leaue thee, wishing thou maist haue the fortune to chãge thy name often.

Mol. How? change my name?

Waf. I, for theeues and widdowes loue to shift many names, and make sweet vse of it to.

Mol O you are a wag indeed. Good *Wafer* remember my schoolmaster. Farewel good *Honysuckle*.

Hony. Farewel *Tenterhooke*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus Scæna Prima.

Enter Boniface a prentice brushing his Maisters cloake and Cappe. singing

Enter Master Honisuckle in his night-cap trussing himselfe.

Hony. Boniface, make an ende of my cloake and Cap.

Bon. I haue dispatch em Sir: both of them lye flat at your mercie.

Hony. Fore-god me thinkes my ioynts are nimbler euery Mor-

ning since I came ouer then they were before. In France when I rise, I was so stiffe, and so starke, I would ha sworne my Legs had beene wodden pegs: a Constable new chosen kept not such a peripatetticall gate: But now I'me as Lymber as an Antiant that has flourish't in the raine, and as Actiue as a Norfolk tumbler.

Bon. You may see, what change of pasture is able to doe.

Hony. It makes fat Calues in *Rumny* Marsh, and leane knaues in *London*: therefore *Boniface* keepe your ground: Gods my pitty, my forehead has more crompples, then the back part of a counsellors gowne, when another rides vppon his necke at the barre: *Boniface* take my helmet: giue your mistris my night-cap. Are my Antlers swolne so big, that my biggen pinches my browes: So, request her to make my head-piece a little wyder.

Bon. How much wider sir.

Hony. I can allow her almost an ynch: go, tell her so, very neere an inch.

Bon. If she bee a right Cittizens wife, now her Husband has giuen her an inch, sheele take an ell, or a yard at least. *Exit.*

Enter Signior Iustiniano the Merchant, like a wryting Mecanicall Pedant.

Hony. Maister *Parenthesis*! *Salue, Salue Domine.*

Iusti. Salue tu quoq́: Iubeo te saluere plurimum.

Hon. No more *Plurimums* if you loue me, lattin whole-meates are nowe minc'd, and scrude in for English Gallimafries: Let vs therefore cut out our vplandish Neates tongues, and talke like regenerate *Brittains.*

Iust. Your worship is welcome to England: I powrd out Orisons for your arriuall.

Hony. Thanks good maister *Parenthesis*: and *Que nouelles*: what newes flutters abroad? doe Iack-dawes dung the top of Paules Steeple still.

Iusti. The more is the pitty, if any dawes do come into the temple, as I feare they do.

Hony. They say *Charing-crosse* is falne downe, since I went to *Rochell*: but thats no such wonder, twas old, and stood awry (as most part of the world can tel.) And tho it lack vnder-propping, yet

yet (like great fellowes at a wraſtling) when their heeles are once flying vppe, no man will ſaue em; downe they fall, and there let them lye, tho they were bigger then the Guard: *Charing-croſſe* was olde, and olde thinges muſt ſhrinke aſwell as new Northern cloth.

Iuſt. Your worſhip is in the right way verily: they muſt ſo, but a number of better things between Weſtminſter bridge and temple barre both of a worſhipfull, and honorable erection, are faine to decay, and haue ſuffred putrifaction, ſince *Charing* fell, that were not of halfe ſo long ſtanding as the poore wry-neckt Monument.

Hony. Whoſe within there? One of you call vp your miſtris! tell her heeres her wryting Schoolemaſter. I had not thought maſter *Parentheſis* you had bin ſuch an early ſtirrer.

Iuſti. Sir, your vulgar and foure-peny-pen-men, that like your London Sempſters keepe open ſhop, and ſell learning by retaile, may keepe their beds, and lie at their pleaſure: But we that edifie in priuate, and traffick by whole ſale, muſt be vp with the lark, becauſe like Country Atturnies, wee are to ſhuffle vp many matters in a for-enoone. Certes maiſter *Honiſuckle*, I would ſing *Laus Deo*, ſo I may but pleaſe al thoſe that come vnder my fingers: for it is my duty and function, *Perdy*, to be feruent in my vocation.

Ho. Your hand: I am glad our Citty has ſo good, ſo neceſſary, and ſo laborious a member in it: we lacke paintull and expert penmen amongſt vs. Maiſter *Parentheſis* you teach many of our Merchants ſir, do you not?

Iuſt. Both Wiues, Maides, and Daughters: and I thanke God, the very worſt of them lye by very good mens ſides: I picke out a poore liuing amongſt em, and I am thankefull for it.

Ho. Truſt me I am not ſorry: how long haue you exercizd this quality?

Iuſt. Come Michaell-tide next, this thirteene yeare.

Ho. And how does my wife profit vnder you ſir? hope you to do any any good vpon her.

Iuſt. Maiſter *Honiſuckle* I am in great hope ſhee ſhall fructify: I will do my beſt for my part: I can do no more then another man can.

Hony. Pray ſir ply her, for ſhe is capable of any thing.

Iuſt. So far as my poore tallent can ſtretch, It ſhall not be hidden from her.

Hony

Hony. Does she hold her pen well yet?

Iusti. She leanes somewhat too hard vppon her pen yet sir, but practise and animaduersion will breake her from that.

Hony. Then she grubs her pen.

Iusti. Its but my paines to mend the neb agen.

Hony. And where abouts is shee now maister *Parentheſis*? Shee was talking of you this morning, and commending you in her bed, and told me she was past her letters.

Iust. Truely sir she tooke her letters very suddenly: and is now in her Minoms.

Hony. I would she were in her Crotchets too maister *Parentheſis*: ha-ha, I must talke merily sir.

Iusti. Sir so long as your mirth bee voyde of all Squirrility, tis not vnfit for your calling: I trust ere few daies bee at an end to haue her fal to her ioyning: for she has her letters *ad vnguem*: her A. her great B. and her great C. very right D. and E. dilicate: hir double F. of a good length, but that it straddels a little to wyde: at the G. very cunning.

Hony. Her H. is full like mine: a goodly big H.

Iusti. But her: double L L. is wel: her O. of a reasonable Size: at her p. and q. neither Marchantes Daughter, Aldermans Wife, young countrey Gentlewoman, nor Courtiers Mistris, can match her. *Hony.* And how her v.

Iust. You sir, She fetches vp you best of al: her single you she can fashion two or three waies: but her double you, is as I would wish it.

Ho. And faith who takes it faster; my wife, or mistris *Tenterhook*?

Iust. Oh! Your wife by ods: sheele take more in one hower, then I can fasten either vpon mistris *Tenterhooke*, or mistris *Wafer*, or Mistris *Flapdragon* (the Brewers wife) in three.

Enter Iudyth, Honysuckle his wife.

Hony. Do not thy cheekes burne sweete chuckaby, for wee are talking of thee. *Iud.* No goodnesse I warrant: you haue few Citizens speake well of their wiues behind their backs: but to their faces theile cog worse and be more suppliant, then Clyents that sue in *forma paper*: how does my master? troth I am a very trewant: haue you your *Ruler* about you maister? for look you, I go cleane awry. *Iusti.* A small fault: most of my schollers do so: looke you

sir,

ſir, do not you thinke your wife will mend : marke her daſhes, & her ſtrokes, and her breakings, and her bendings?

Hony. She knowes what I haue promiſt her if ſhee doe mende : nay by my fay *Iude*, this is well, if you would not ſhe out thus, but keepe your line.

Iud. I ſhal in time when my hand is in : haue you a new pen for mee Maiſter, for by my truly, my old one is ſtark naught, and wil caſt no inck : whether are you going lamb?

Hony. To the Cuſtome-houſe : to the Change, to my VVare-houſe, to diuers places.

Iud. Good *Cole* tarry not paſt eleuen, for you turne my ſtomak then from my dinner.

Hony. I wil make more haſt home, then a Stipendary Swizzer does after hees paid, fare you well Maiſter *Parentheſis*.

Iud. I am ſo troubled with the rheume too : Mouſe whats good forte? *Hony.* How often haue I tolde you, you muſt get a patch I muſt hence. *Exit.*

Iud. I thinke when als done, I muſt follow his counſell, and take a patch, I haue had one long ere this, but for diſfiguring my face : yet I had noted that a maſticke patch vpon ſome womens Temples, hath bin the very rheumme of beauty.

Iuſt. Is he departed? Is old *Neſtor* marcht into Troy?

Iud. Yes you mad Greeke : the Gentlemans gone.

Iuſt. Why then clap vp coppy-bookes : downe with pens, hang vp inckhornes, and nowe my ſweete *Honiſuckle*, ſee what golden-winged Bee from *Hybla*, flies humming, with *Crura thymo plena*, which he wil empty in the Hiue of your boſome.

Iud. From whom.

Iuſt. At the skirte of that ſheete in blacke worke is wrought hys name, breake not vp the wildfoule, till anon, and then feed vpon him in priuate : theres other irons i'th fire : more ſackes are comming to the Mill. O you ſweet temptations of the ſonnes of *Adam*, I commende you, extol you, magnifie you: Were I a Poet by *Hipocrene* I ſweare, (which was a certaine VVell where all the Muſes watred) and by *Pernaſſus* eke I ſweare, I would time you to death with praiſes, for that you can bee content to lye with olde men all night for their mony, and walk to your gardens with yong men i'th day time for your pleaſure : Oh you delicat damnations :

you do but as I wud do: were I the propreſt, ſweeteſt, plumpeſt, Cherry-cheekt, Corrall-lipt woman in a kingdome, I would not daunce after one mans pipe.

Ind. And why?

Inſt. Eſpecially after an old mans.

Ind. And why, pray!

Inſt. Eſpecially after an old Cittizens.

Ind. Still, and why.

Inſt. Marry becauſe the Suburbes, and thoſe without the bars, haue more priuiledge then they within the freedome: what need one woman doate vpon one Man? Or one man be mad like *Orlando* for one woman.

Ind. Troth tis true, conſidering how much fleſh is in euery Shambles. *Inſt.* Why ſhould I long to eate of Bakers bread onely, when theres ſo much Sifting, and bolting, and grynding in euery corner of the Citty; men and women are borne, and come running into the world faſter then Coaches doe into Cheap-ſide vppon *Symon* and *Iudes* day: and are eaten vp by Death faſter, then Mutton and porridge in a terme time. Who would pin their hearts to any Sleeue: this world is like a Mynt, we are no ſooner caſt into the fire, taken out agen, hamerd, ſtampt, and made Currant, but preſently wee are changde: the new Mony (like a new Drab) is catcht at by Dutch, Spaniſh, Welch, French, Scotch, and Engliſh: but the old crackt King *Harry* groates are ſhoueld vp, feele bruzing, and battring, clipping, and melting, they ſmoake for't.

Ind. The worlds an Arrant naughty-pack I ſee, and is a very ſcuruy world. *Inſt.* Scuruy? worſe then the conſcience of a Broomeman, that carryes out new ware, and brings home old ſhoes: a naughty-packe? Why theres no Minute, no thought of time paſſes, but ſome villany or other is a brewing: why, euen now, now, at holding vp of this finger, and before the turning downe of this, ſome are murdring, ſome lying with their maides, ſome picking of pockets, ſome cutting purſes, ſome cheating, ſome weying out bribes. In this Citty ſome wiues are Cuckolding ſome Husbands. In yonder Village ſome farmers are now-now grynding the Iawbones of the poore: therefore ſweete Scholler, ſugred Miſtris *Honiſuckle*, take Summer before you, and lay hold of it? why, euen now muſt you and I hatch an egge of iniquity.

Ind

Ind. Troth maister I thinke thou wilt proue a very knaue.

Iust. Its the fault of many that fight vnder this band.

Ind. I shall loue a Puritans face the worse whilest I liue for that Coppy of thy countenance.

Iust. We are all wethercocks, and must follow the winde of the present: from the byas.

Ind. Change a bowle then.

Iust. I will so; and now for a good cast: theres the Knight, sir *Gosl'n Glo-worme*.

Ind. Hees a Knight made out of waxe.

Iust. He tooke vp Silkes vppon his bond I confesse: nay more, hees a knight in print: but let his knight-hood be of what stamp it will, from him come I, to intreate you, and Mistris *Wafer*, and mistris *Tenterhook*, being both my schollers, and your honest pew fellowes, to meet him this afternoon at the Rhenish-wine-house ith Stillyard. Captaine *Whirlepoole* will be there, young *Lynstock* the Alder-mans Son and Heire, there too, will you steale forth, & tast of a Dutch Bun, and a Keg of Sturgeon.

Ind. What excuse shall I coyne now?

Iust. Few excuses: You must to the pawne to buy Lawne: to Saint Martins for Lace; to the Garden: to the Glasse-house; to your Gossips: to the Powlters: else take out an old ruffe, and go to your Sempsters: excuses? Why, they are more ripe then medlers at Christmas.

Ind. Ile come. The hower.

Iust. Two: the way-through Paules: euery wench take a piller, there clap on your Maskes: your men will bee behind you, and before your prayers be halfe don, be before you, & man you out at seuerall doores. Youle be there? *Ind.* If I breath. *Exit.*

Iust. Farewell. So: now must I goe set the tother Wenches the selfe same Coppy. A rare Scholemaister, for all kind of handes, I. Oh: What strange curses are powred downe with one blessing? Do all tread on the heele? Haue all the art to hood-winke wise men thus? And (like those builders of *Babels* Tower) to speake vnknowne tongues. Of all (saue by their husbands) vnderstood: Well, if (as Iuy bout the Elme does twine)
All wiues loue clipping, theres no fault in mine.

But if the world lay speechles, euen the dead
Would rise, and thus cry out from yawning graues,
Women make men, or Fooles, or Beasts, or Slaues. *Exit.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Earle and Mistris Birdlime.*

Earle. Her answer I talke in musick: Wil she come?

Bird. Oh my sides ake in my loines, in my bones? I ha more need of a pollet of sacke, and lie in my bed and sweate, than to talke in musick: no honest woman would run hurrying vp & down thus and vndoe her selfe for a man of honour, without reason? I am so lame, euery foot that I set to the ground went to my hart. I thoght I had bin at Mum-chance my bones ratled so with iaunting? had it not bin for a friend in a corner. *Takes Aqua-vitæ.* I had kickt vp my heeles.

Earl. Minister comfort to me, Wil she come.

Bird. All the Castles of comfort that I can put you into is this, that the iealous wittal her husband, came (like a mad Oxe) bellowing in whilst I was ther. Oh I ha lost my sweet breth with trotting.

Earl. Death to my hart? her husband? What saith he?

Bird. The freeze-Ierkin Rascal out with his purse, and cal'd me plaine Bawd to my face.

Earl. Affliction to me, then thou spak'st not to her?

Bird. I spake to her, as Clients do to Lawiers without money (to no purpose) but Ile speak with him, and hamper him to, if euer he fall into my clutches: Ile make the yel ow-hammer her husband knowe, (for all hees an Italian) that theres a difference betweene a cogging Baud and an honest motherly gentlewoman. Now, what cold wheftones ly ouer your stomacher? wil you haue some of my *Aqua?* Why my Lord.

Earl. Thou hast kild me with thy words.

Bird. I see bashful louers, and young bullockes are knockt down at a blow: Come, come, drinke this draught of Cynamon water, and plucke vp your spirits: vp with em, vp with em. Do you hear, the whiting mop has nibled.

Earl. Ha?

Bird. Oh? I thought I should fetch you: you can *Ha* at that: Ile make you Hem anon. As I'me a sinner I think you! find the sweetest,

teſt, ſweeteſt bedfellow of her. Oh! ſhe lookes ſo ſugredly, ſo ſimpringly, ſo gingerly, ſo amarouſly, ſo amiably. Such a redde lippe, ſuch a VVhite foreheade, ſuch a blacke eie, ſuch a full cheeke, and ſuch a goodly little noſe, nowe ſhees in that French gowne, Scotch fals, Scotch bum, and Italian head-tire you ſent her, and is ſuch an intycing ſhee witch, carrying the charmes of your Iewels about her. Oh!

Earl. Did ſhe receiue them? ſpeake: Heres is golden keyes T'vnlock thy lips. Did ſhe vouchſafe to take them?

Bird. Did ſhe vouchſafe to take them, thers a queſtion: you ſhall find ſhe did vouchſafe: The troath is my Lord, I gotte her to my houſe, there ſhe put off her own cloths my Lord and put on yours my Lord, prouided her a Coach, Searcht the middle Ile in Pawles, and with three Elizabeth twelue-pences preſt three knaues my L. hirde three Liueries in Long-lane, to man her: for al which ſo God mend me, I'me to paie this night before Sun-ſet.

Earl, This ſhowre ſhall fil them altraine in their laps, what golden drops thou wilt.

Bird. Alas my Lord, I do but receiue it with one hand, to pay it away with another, I'me but your Baily.

Earl. Where is ſhe?

Bird. In the greene veluet Chamber; the poore ſinneful creature pants like a pigeon vnder the hands of a Hawke, therefore vſe her like a woman my Lord: vſe her honeſtly my Lorde, for alas ſhees but a Nouice, and a verie greene thinge.

Earl. Farewel: Ile in vnto her.

Bird. Fie vpont, that were not for your honor: you know gentlewomen vſe to come to Lords chambers, and not Lordes to the Gentlewomens; Ide not haue her thinke you are ſuch a Rank-ryder: walke you heere; Ile becken, you ſhal ſee ile fetch her with a wet finger?

Earl. Do ſo.

Bird. Hyſt? why ſweet heart, miſtris *Iuſtiniano*, why prettie ſoule tread ſoftlie, and come into this roome: here be ruſhes, you neede not feare the creaking of your corke ſhooes.

Enter Miſtris Iuſtiniano.

So, we' ſaide, theres his honour. I haue buſines my Lord, very now

the marks are set vp. Ile get me 12. score off, and giue Ayme. *Exit.*

Earl. Yare welcome: Sweet y'are welcome. Blesse my hand
With the soft touch of yours: Can you be Cruell
To one so Prostrate to you? Euen my Hart,
My Happines, and State lie at your feet:
My Hopes me flattered that the field was woon,
That you had yeilded, (tho you Conquer me)
And that all Marb'e scales that bard your eies
From throwing light on mine, were quite tane off,
By the Cunning Womans hand, that Workes for me,
Why therefore do you wound me now with frownes?
Why do you flie me? Do not exercise
The Art of woman on me? I'me already
Your Captiue: Sweet! Are these your hate, or feares.

Mist. Iust. I wonder lust can hang at such white haires.

Earl. You giue my loue ill names, It is not lust:
Lawlesse desires wel tempred may seem Iust.
A thousand mornings with the early Sunne, mine eies haue from your windowes watcht to steale brightnes from those. As oft vpon the daies that Consecrated to deuotion are, Within the Holy Temple haue I stood disguis'd, waiting your presence: and when your hands went vp towards heauen to draw some blessing down, Mine (as if all my Nerues by yours did moue,)
Beg'd in dum Signes some pitty for my Loue,
And thus being feasted onely with your sight,
I went more pleased then sickmen with fresh health,
Rich men with Honour, Beggers do with wealth.

Mist. Iust. Part now so pleas'd, for now you more Inioy me.

Earl. O you do wish me Phisicke to destroy me.

Mist. Iust. I haue already leapt beyond the bounds of modesty, In piecing out my wings with borrowed feathers: but you sent a Sorceres so perfect in her trade, that did so liuely breath forth your passionate Accents, and could drawe a Louer languishing so piercingly, that her charmes wrought vppon me, and in pitty of your sick hart which she did Counterfet, (Oh shees a subtle Beldam!) See I cloth'd my limbes (thus Player-like in Rich Attyres, not fitting mine estate, and am come forth, but why I know not!

Earl. Will you Loue me?

Yes

Mist. Iust. Yes,
If you can cleare me of a debt thats due but to one Man,
Ile pay my hart to thee.
Earl. Whose that?
Mist. Iust. My Husband.
Earl. Vmh.
Mist Iust. The sums so great
I know a kingdome cannot answer it,
And therefore I beseech you good my Lord,
To take this gilding off, which is your owne,
And henceforth cease to throw out golden hookes
To choake mine honor: tho my husbands poore,
Ile rather beg for him, then be your Whore.
Earl. Gainst beauty you plot treason, if you suffer tears to do violence to so faire a Cheeke. That face was nere made to looke pale with want. Dwell heere and bee the Soueraigne of my fortunes. Thus shall you go attir'd.
Mist. Iust. Till Iust be tir'd. I must take leaue my Lord.
Earl. Sweet Creature stay,
My Cofers shall be yours, my Seruants yours,
My selfe wil be your seruant, and I sweare by that which I houlde deare in you, your beauty (and which Ile not prophane) you shall liue heere as free from base wrong, as you are from blackenesse, so you will deigne, but let mee inioy your sight, Answere mee will you. *Mist. Iust.* I will thinke vpont.
Earl. Vnlesse you shall perceiue, that al my thoughts, and al my actions bee to you deuoted, and that I very iustly earne your loue, Let me not tast it.
Mist. Iust. I wil thinke vpon it.
Earl. But when you find my merits of full weight,
wil you accept their worth.
Mist Iust. Ile thinke vpont.
Ide speake with the old woman.
Earl. She shall come,
Ioyes that are borne vnlookt for, are borne dumb. *Exit.*
Mist. Iust. Pouerty, thou bane of Chastity,
Poison of beauty, Broker of Mayden-heades,
I see when Force, nor Wit can scale the hold, Wealth must. Sheele

nere

nere be won, that defies golde.
But liues there such a creature: Oh tis rare.
To finde a woman chaſt, thats poore and faire.

Enter Birdtume.

Bird. Now lamb! has not his Honor dealt like an honeſt Nobleman with you. I can tel you, you ſhal not find him a Templer, nor one of theſe cogging Cattern pear-coloured-beards, that by their good wils would haue no pretty woman ſcape them.

Miſtris. Iuſt. Thou art a very bawd: thou art a Diuel
Caſt in a reuerend ſhape; thou ſtale damnation!
Why haſt thou me intiſt from mine owne Paradice,
To ſteale fruit in a barren wilderines.

Bird. Bawde and diuel, and ſtale damnation! Wil womens tounges (like Bakers legs) neuer go ſtraight.

Miſtris Iuſt. Had thy *Circæan* Magick me transformd
Into that ſenſuall ſhape for which thou Coniurſt,
And that I were turn'd common Veuturer,
I could not loue this old man.

Bird. This old man, vmh: this old man? doe his hoarye haires ſticke in your ſtomacke? yet methinkes his ſiluer haires ſhoulde moouе you, they may ſerue to make you Bodkins: Does his age grieue you? foole? Is not old wine wholeſommeſt, olde Pippines toothſommeſt, old wood burne brighteſt, old Linnen waſh whiteſt, o'd ſouldiors Sweet-hart are ſureſt, and olde Louers are ſoundeſt. I ha tried both.

Miſtris. Iuſt. So wil not I.

Bird. Yould haue ſome yong perfum'd beardles Gallants board you, that ſpits a' his braines out ats tongues end, wud you not?

Miſtris. Iuſt. No, none at a', not anie.

Bird. None at al? what doe you make there then? why are you a burden to the worlds conſcience, and an eie-ſore to wel giuen mē, I dare pawne my gowne and al the beddes in my houſe, and a' the gettings in Michaelmas terme next to a Tauerne token, that thou ſhalt neuer be an innocent.

Miſtris. Iuſt. Who are ſo?

Bird. Fools? why then are you ſo precize: your husbands down the wind, and wil you like a haglers Arrow, be down the weather, Strike whilſt the iron is hot. A woman when there be roſes in her cheekes

cheekes, Cherries on her lippes, Ciuet in her breath, Iuory in her teeth, Lyllyes in her hand, and Lickorish in her heart, why shees like a play. If new very good company, very good company, but if stale, like old *Ieronimo*: goe by, go by. Therefore as I said before, strike. Besides: you must thinke that the commodity of beauty was not made to lye dead vpon any young womans hands: if your husband haue giuen vp his Cloake, let another take measure of you in his Ierkin: for as the Cobler, in the night time walks with his Lanthorne, the Merchant, and the Lawyer with his Link, and the Courtier with his Torch: So euery lip has his Lettice to himselfe: the Lob has his Lasse, the Collier his Dowdy, the Westerne-man his Pug, the Seruing-man his Punke, the student his Nun in white Fryers, the Puritan his Sister, and the Lord his *Lady*: which worshipfull vocation may fall vppon you, if youle but strike whilest the Iron is hot.

Mist. Iust. Witch: thus I breake thy Spels: Were I kept braue,
On a Kings cost, I am but a Kings slaue. *Exit.*

Bird. I see, that as Frenchmen loue to be bold, Flemings to be drunke, Welchmen to be cald *Brittons*, and Irishmen to be Costermongers, so, Cocknyes, (especially Shee-Cocknies) loue not *Aqua-vite* when tis good for them. *Enter Monopoly.*

Mo. Saw you my vncle?

Bird. I saw him euen now going the way of all flesh (thats to say) towardes the Kitchin: heeres a letter to your worship from the party. *Mono.* What party?

Bird. The *Tenterhook*, your wanton.

Mono. From her? Fewh? pray thee stretch me no more vppon your *Tenterhook*: pox on her? Are there no Pottecaries ith Town to send her Phisick-bils to, but me: Shees not troubled with the greene sickneese still, Is she?

Bird. The yellow Iaundis, as the Doctor tels me: troth shees as good a peat: she is falne away so, that shees nothing but bare skin and bone: for the Turtle so mournes for you. *Mono.* In blacke?

Bird. In black? you shall find both black and blew if you look vnder her eyes.

Mo. Well: sing ouer her ditty when I'me in tune,

Bird. Nay, but will you send her a Box of *Mithridatum* and Dragon water, I meane some restoratiue words. Good Maister *Mono-*

poly you know how welcome yare to the Citty, and will you maſter *Monopoly*, keepe out of the Citty; I know you cannot, would you ſaw how the poor gentlewoman lies. *Mo.* Why how lies ſhe?

Bird. Troth as the way lies ouer *Gads-hill*, very dangerous: you would pitty a womans caſe if you ſaw her: write to her ſome treatiſe of pacification. *Mono.* Ile write to her to morrow.

Bird. To morrow; ſhe'le not ſleepe then but tumble, and if ſhe might haue it to night, it would better pleaſe her.

Mo. Perhaps Ile doot to night, farewell.

Bi. If you doot to night, it would better pleaſe her then to morrow. *Mo.* Gods ſo, doſt heare, I'me to ſup this night at the Lyon in Shoredich with certen gallants: cāſt thou not draw forth ſome dilicate face, that I ha not ſeene, and bring it thither, wut thou?

Bird. All the painters in London ſhal not fit for colour as I can; but we ſhall haue ſome ſwaggering?

Mo. All as ciuill (by this light) as Lawyers.

Bird. But I tell you, ſhees not ſo common as Lawyers, that I meane to betray to your Table: for as I'me a Sinner, ſhees a Knights Cozen; a Yorkſhire gentlwoman, and only ſpeakes a little broad, but of very good carriage.

Mono. Nay thats no matter, we can ſpeake as broad as ſhe? but wut bring her?

Bird. You ſhall call her Cozen, do you ſee: two men ſhall waite vpon her, and Ile come in by chance: but ſhall not the party bee there? *Mono.* Which party?

Bird. The writer of that ſimple hand.

Mon. Not for as many Angels as there be letters in her Paper: Speake not of mee to her, nor our meeting if you loue mee: wut come? *Bird.* Mum, Ile come.

Mono. Farewell.

Bird. Good Maiſter Monopoly; I hope to ſee you one day a man of great credite. *Mo.* If I be, Ile build Chimnies with Tobacco but Ile ſmoake ſome: and be ſure *Bird*, Ile ſticke wooll vpon thy back. *Bird.* Thankes ſir, I know you wil, for all the kinred of the *Monopolies* are held to be great Fleecers. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſir Gozlin: Lynſtocke, Whirlepoole, and the three Cittizens wiues, maſkt, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare.

Goz. So draw thoſe Curtaines, and lets ſee the pictures vnder em;

Lyn.

Lyn. Welcome to the Stilliard faire Ladies.

All 3. Thankes good maister *Lynstocke*.

Whirl. Hans: some wine *Hans*. *Enter Hans with cloth and Buns.*

Hans. Yaw, yaw, you sall hebben it meester:
Old vine, or new vine?

Goz. Speake women.

Ind. New wine good sir *Gozlin*: wine in the must, good Dutchman, for must is best for vs women.

Hans. New vine? vell: two pots of new vine. *Exit Hans.*

Ind An honest Butterbox: for if it be old, theres none of it coms into my belly.

Mab. Why *Tenterhooke* pray thee lets dance friskin, & be mery.

Lin. Thou art so troubled with *Monopolies*, they so hang at thy heart stringes.

Cla. Pox a my hart then. *Enter Hans with Wine.*

Ind. I and mine too, if any Courtier of them all set vp his gallowes there: wench vse him as thou dost thy pantables, scorne to let him kisse thy heele, for he feedes thee with nothing but Court holy bread, good words, and cares not for thee: sir *Gozlin*, will you tast a Dutch whatch you callum.

Mab. Heere maister *Lynstocke*, halfe mine is yours. *Bun, Bun, Bun, Bun.* *Enter Parenthesis.*

Par. Which roome? where are they? wo ho, ho, ho, so, ho boies.

Goz. Sfoot whose that? lock our roome.

Par. Not till I am in: and then lock out the diuell tho he come in the shape of a puritan. *All* 3. Scholemaister, welcome? welcome in troth? *Par.* Who would not bee scratcht with the bryers and brambles to haue such burs sticking on his breeches: Saue you gentlemen: O noble Knight. *Goz* More wine *Hans*.

Par. Am not I (gentlemen) a Ferret of the right haire, that can make three Conies bolt at a clap into your purseners? ha? little do their 3. husbands dreame what coppies I am tetting their wiues now? wert not a rare left if they should come sneaking vppon vs like a horrible noise of Fidlers.

Ind. Troth Ide not care: let em come: Ide tell em, we'de haue none of their dull Musicke.

Mab. Heere mistris *Tenterhooke*.

Clar. Thanks good mistris *Wafer*.

Par. Whose there? Peepers: Intelligencers: Euesdroppers.

Omni. Vds foot, throw a pot ats head?

Par. Oh Lord? O Gentlemen, Knight, Ladies, that may bee, Cittizens wiues that are, shift for your selues, for a paire of your husbands heads are knocking together with *Hans* his, and inquiring for you. *Omni.* Keepe the doore lockt.

Iud. Oh I, do, do: and let sir *Gozlin* (because he has bin in the low Countries) swear gotz Sacrament, and driue e'm away with brokē Dutch. *Pa.* Heres a wench has simple Sparkes in her: shees my pupile Gallants: Good-god? I see a man is not sure that his wife is in the Chamber, tho his owne fingers hung on the Padlocke: Trap-doores, false Drabs, and Spring-lockes, may cozen a Couy of Constables. How the silly Husbands might heere ha beene guld with Flemish mony: Come: drinke vp *Rhene*, *Thames* and *Maander* dry, Theres Nobody.

Iud. Ah thou vngodly maister.

Par. I did but make a false fire, to try your vallor, because you cryed let em come. By this glasse of womans wine, I would not ha seene their Spirits walke heere, to bee dubd deputy of a Ward, I, they would ha Chronicled me for a Foxe in a Lambes skin: But come: Is this merry Midsomer night agreed vpon? when shal it be? where shall it be?

Lynst. Why faith to morrow at night.

Whirle. Weele take a Coach and ride to *Ham*, or so.

Tent. O fie vpon: a Coach? I cannot abide to be iolted.

Mab. Yet most of your Cittizens wiues loue iolting?

Goz. What say you to Black-wall, or Lime-house?

Iud. Euery roome there smels to much of Tar.

Lynst. Lets to mine host *Dogbolts* at Brainford then, there you are out of eyes, out of eares, priuate roomes, sweet Lynnen, winking attendance, and what cheere you will?

Omni. Content, to *Brainford*?

Mab. I, I, lets go by water, for sir *Gozlin* I haue heard you say you loue to go by water.

Iud. But wenches, with what pullies shall wee slide with some cleanly excuse, out of our husbandes suspition, being gone West-ward for smelts all night.

Par. Thats the blocke now we all stumble at: Winde vp that string well, and all the consorts in tune.

Iud.

Iud. Why then goodman ſcraper tis wound vp, I haue it. Sirra *Wafer*, thy childes at nurſe, if you that are the men could prouide ſome wiſe aſſe that could keepe his countenance.

Par. Nay if he be an Aſſe he will keepe his countenance.

Iud. I, but I meane, one that could ſet out his tale with audacity, and ſay that the child were ſick, and neare ſtagger at it: That laſt ſhould ſerue all our feete. *Whir.* But where will that wiſe Aſſe be found now? *Par.* I ſee I'me borne ſtill to draw Dun out ath mire for you: that wiſe beaſt will I be. Ile bee that Aſſe that ſhall grone vnder the burden of that abhominable lye. Heauen pardon me, and pray God the infant be not puniſht for't. Let me ſee: Ile breake out in ſome filthy ſhape like a Thraſher, or a Thatcher, or a Sowgelder, or ſomething: and ſpeak dreamingly, and ſwear how the child pukes, and eates nothing (as perhaps it does not) and lies at the mercy of God, (as all children and old folkes doe) and then ſcholler *Wafer*, play you your part.

Mab. Feare not me, for a veny or two?

Par. Where will you meet ith morning?

Goz. At ſome Tauerne neare the water-ſide, thats priuate.

Par. The Grey-hound, the Greyhound in Black-fryers, an excellent *Randeuous*. *Lin.* Content the Greyhound by eight?

Par. And then you may whip forth two firſt, and two next, on a ſudden, and take Boate at Bridewell Dock moſt priuately.

Omni. Beet ſo: a good place?

Par. Ile go make ready my ruſticall properties: let me ſee ſcholler hie you home, for your child ſhall bee ſicke within this halfe howre. *Exit.* *Enter Birdlime.*

Iud. Tis the vprighteſt dealing man? Gods my pitty, whoſe yonder? *Bird.* I'me bold to preſſe my ſelfe vnder the Cullors of of your company, hearing that Gentlewoman was in the roome: A word miſtris? *Clar.* How now, what ſaies he?

Goz. Zounds what ſhe? a Bawd, birth Lord Iſt not?

Mab. No indeed, ſir *Gozlin* ſhees a very honeſt woman, and a Mid-wife. *Clar.* At the Lyon in Shoredich? And would he not read it? nor write to me? Ile poyſon his Supper?

Bird. But no words that I bewrayd him.

Clar. Gentlemen I muſt be gone. I cannot ſtay in faith: pardon me: Ile meete to morrow: come Nurſe, cannot tarry by this element.

Goz. Mother, you : Grannam drinke ere you goe. *Bird.* I am going to a womans labour, indeede sir, cannot stay. *Exeunt.*

Amb. I hold my life the blacke-beard her husband whistels for her. *Iud.* A reckoning : Breake one, breake all.

Goz. Here *Hans*, draw not, Ile draw for all as Ime true knight.

Iud. Let him : amongst women this does stand for law, the worthiest man (tho he be foole) must draw. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius Scæna Prima.

Enter maister Tenterhooke and his wife.

Tent. What booke is that sweet hart?

Mist. Ten. Why the booke of bonds that are due to you.

Tent. Come, what doe you with it? Why do you trouble your selfe to take care about my businesse?

Mist. Ten. Why sir, doth not that which concerns you, concerne me. You told me *Monopoly* had discharged his bond, I finde by the booke of accounts heere, that it is not canceld. Eare I would suffer such a cheating companion to laugh at me, Ide see him hāged I. Good sweete hart as euer you loued me, as euer my bedde was pleasing to you, arrest the knaue, we were neuer beholding to him for a pin, but for eating vp our victuals. Good Mouse enter an action against him. *Ten.* In troth loue I may do the gentlemā much discredit, and besides it may be other actions may fall very heauy vpon him. *Mist. Tent.* Hang him, to see the dishonesty of the knaue. *Tent.* O wife, good words : A Courtier, A gentleman.

Mist. Tent. Why may not a Gentleman be a knaue, that were strange in faith : but as I was a saying, to see the dishonesty of him, that would neuer come since he receiued the mony to visit vs you know. *Maister Tenterhook* he hath hung long vpon you. *Maister Tenterhooke* as I am vertuous you shall arrest him.

Tent. Why, I know not when he will come to Towne.

Mist. Te. Hees in town: this night he sups at the Lyon in Shoare-ditch, good husband enter your action, and make hast to the Lyon presently, theres an honest fellow (Sergeant Ambush) will doe it in a trice, he neuer salutes a man in Curtesie, but he catches him as if he would arrest him. Good hart let Seriant Ambush ly in waite for him.

Tent. Well at thy entreaty I will doe it. Giue me my Cloake there,

there, buy a linck and meet me at the Counter in Woodstreete; busse me Moll. *Mist. Tent.* Why now you loue me. Ile goe to bed sweet hart. *Tent.* Do not sleep till I come Moll. *Exit Tent.*

Mist. Tent: No lamb, baa sheep, if a woman will be free in this intricate laborinth of a husband, let her marry a man of a melancholy complexion, she shal not be much troubled with him. By my sooth my Husband hath a hand as dry as his braines, and a breath as stronge as six cómon gardens. Wel my husband is gon to arrest Monopoly. I haue dealt with a Sargeant priuatly, to intreate him, pretending that he is my Aunts Son, by this meanes shal I see my young gallant that in this has plaid his part. When they owe mony in the Citty once, they deale with their Lawyers by atturny, follow the Court though the Court do them not the grace to allow them their dyet. O the wit of a woman when she is put to the pinch. *Exit Mistris Tenterhook.*

Enter maister Tenterhooke, Sergeant Ambush, and yeoman Clutch.

Ten. Come Sergeant Ambush, come yeoman Clutch, yons the Tauerne, the Gentleman will come out presently: thou art resolute. *Amb.* Who I, I carry fire & sword that fight for me, hear, and heare. I know most of the knaues about London, and most of the Theeues to, I thanke God, and good intelligence. *Tent.* I wonder thou dost not turne Broker then. *Amb.* Pew; I haue bin a Broker already; for I was first a Puritan, then a Banquerout, then a Broker, then a Fencer, and then Sergeant, were not these Trades woulde make a man honest? peace the doore opes, wheele about yeoman Clutch.

Enter Whirlepoole, Linstocke, and Monopoly vnbrast.

Mono. And eare I come to sup in this Tauerne again. Theres no more attendance then in a Iaile, and there had bin a Punk or two in the company then we should not haue bin rid of the drawers: now were I in an excellent humor to go to a valting house, I wold break downe all their Glasse windowes, hew in peeces all their ioyne stooles, tear silke petticotes, ruffle their Periwiggs, and spoyle their Painting, O the Gods what I could do: I could vndergo fifteene bawds by this dat knes, or if I could meete one of these Varlets that were Pannier-ally on their baks (Sergeants) I would make them scud so fast from me, that they should think it a shorter way betweene this and Ludgate, then a condemned Cutpurse thinkes it between Newgate and Tyburne. *Lynst.*

Lynſt. You are for no action to night.

Whirl. No Ile to bed.

Mono. Am not I drunke now: *Implentur veteris bacchi, pinguiſq;* *Tobacco.* *Whirle.* Faith we are all heated.

Mono. Captaine *Whirlepoole* when wilt come to Court and dine with me? *Whirl.* One of theſe daies Franke, but Ile get mee two Gaunlets for feare I loſe my fingers in the diſhes, their bee excellent ſhauers I heare in the moſt of your vnder offices? I proteſt I haue often come thether, ſat downe drawne, my knife, and eare I could ſay grace all the meate hath bin gone. I haue riſen, and departed thence as hungry, as euer came Countrey Atturny from Weſtminſter? Good night honeſt Franke, doe not ſwagger with the watch Franke. *Exeunt.*

Tenter. So now they are gone you may take him.

Amb. Sir I arreſt you?

Mono. Arreſt me, at whoſe ſuite you varlets?

Clouch. At maiſter *Tenterhookes.*

Mono. Why you varlets dare you arreſt one of the Court.

Amb. Come will you be quiet ſir?

Mo. Pray thee good yeoman call the gentlemen back againe. Theres a Gentleman hath carried a hundred pound of mine home with him to his lodging, becauſ I dare not carry it ouer the fields, Ile diſcharge it preſently.

Amb. Thats a trick ſir, you would procure a reskue.

Mono. Catchpole do you ſee, I will haue the haire of your head and beard ſhaued off for this, and eare I catch you at *Grayes Inne* by this light law. *Amb.* Come will you march.

Mono. Are you Sergeants Chriſtians? Sirra thou lookeſt like a good pittyfull raſcall, and thou art a tall man to it ſeemes, thou haſt backt many a man in thy time I warrant.

Amb. I haue had many a man by the backe ſir. *Mono.* Welſaide in troth, I loue your quality, las tis needfull euery man ſhould come by his own: but as God mend me gentlemen I haue not one croſſe about me, onely you two. Might not you let a Gentlemen paſſe out of your handes, and ſay you ſaw him not? Is there not ſuch a kinde of mercy in you now and then my Maiſters, as I liue, if you come to my lodging to morrowe morning, Ile giue you fiue brace of Angelles? good yeoman perſwade your gra-

graduat heere: I know some of you to be honest faithfull Drunkards, respect a poore Gentleman in my case.

Ten Come, it wil not serue your turne, Officers looke to him, vpon your perril. *Mono.* Do you heare sir, you see I am in the hands of a couple of Rauens here, as you are a Gentleman lend me forty shillings, let me not liue if I do not pay you the forfeiture of the whole bond, and neuer plead Conscience.

Tent. Not a penny, not a penny: God night sir. *Exit Tenter.*

Mono. Well, a man ought not to swear by anie thing in the hands of Sergeants but by siluer, and because my pocket is no lawful Iustice to Minister any such oath vnto me, I will patiently incounter the Counter. Which is the dearest warde in Prison Sergeant! the knights ward? *Amb.* No sir, the Maisters side.

Mono. Well the knight is aboue the maister though his Table be worse furnisht: Ile go thether.

Amb. Come sir, I must vse you kindly the Gentlemans Wife that hath arrested you.

Mono. I what of her.

Amb. She saies you are her Antes sonne. *Mono.* I, am?

Amb. She takes on so pittifully for your Arresting, twas much against her wil (good Gentlewomā) that this affliction lighted vpon you. *Mono.* She hath reason, if she respect her poore kindred.

Amb. You shall not go to prison.

Mono. Honest Sergeant, Conscionable Officer, did I forget my selfe euen now, a vice that sticks to me alwaies when I am drunke to abuse my best friends: where didst buy this buffe? Let me not liue but Ile giue thee a good suite of durance, Wilt thou take my bond Sergeant? Where s a Scriuener, a Scriuener good Yeoman? you shal haue my sword and hangers to paie him.

Amb. Not so Sir: but you shall be prisoner in my house: I do not thinke but that your Cosin will visit you there i'th morning, and take order for you.

Mono. Well said; was not a most treacherous part to arrest a man in the night, and when he is almost drunk, when he hath not his wits about him to remember which of his friends is in the Subsedy: Come did I abuse you, I recant, you are as necessary in a city as Tumblers in Norfolke, Sumners in Lancashire, or Rake-he's in an Armie. *Exeunt*

Enter Parenthesis like a Colliar, and a Boy.

Iust. Buy any small Coale, buy any smal Coale.

Boy. Collier, Collier?

Iust. What saist boy.

Boy Ware the Pillory.

Iust. O boy the pillory assures many a man that he is no cukold, for how impossible weare it a man should thrust his head through so small a Loope-hole if his foreheade were brauncht boy?

Boy Collier: how came the goose to be put vpon you, ha?

Iust. Ile tell thee, the Tearme lying at Winchester in Henry the Thirds daies, and many French Women comming out of the Isle of *Wight* thither (as it hath alwaies beene seene) though the Isle of *Wight* could not of long time neither in dure Foxes nor Lawyers. yet it could brook the more dreadful Cockatrice, there were many Punkes in the Towne (as you know our Tearme is their Tearme) your Farmers that would spend but three pence on his ordinarie, woulde lauish halfe a Crowne on his Leachery: and many men (Calues as they were) would ride in a Farmers foule bootes before breakefast, the commonst sinner had more fluttering about her, then a fresh punke hath when she comes to a Towne of Garrison, or to a vniuersity. Captains, Schollers, Seruingmen, Iurors, Clarks, Townesmen, and the Blacke-guarde vsed all to one Ordinarye, and most of them were cald to a pittifull reckoning, for before two returnes of Michaelmas, Surgeons were full of busines, the care of most secresie grew as common as Lice in Ireland, or as scabbes in France. One of my Tribe a Collier carried in his Cart 40. maim'd souldiors to *Salsbury*, looking as pittifully as Dutchmen first made drunke, then carried to bee-heading. Euery one that mette him cried, ware the Goose Collier, and from that day to this, thers a record to be seene at Croiden, howe that pittifull waftage which in deede was vertue in the Collier, that all that time would carry no Coales, laid this Imputation on all the posterity.

Boy. You are ful of tricks Colliar.

Iust. Boy where dwels maister *Wafer*?

Boy. Why heare! what wouldst? I am one of his Iuvinals?

Iust. Hath he not a child at nurse at *More-clacke*?

Boy. Yes, dost thou dwel there?

Iust. That I do, the Child is wonderous sicke: I was wild to acquaint

quaint thy maister and Mistris with it.

Boy. Ile vp and tel them presently.

Iust. So, if al should faile me, I could turne Collier. O the villany of this age, how ful of secresie and silence (contrary to the opinion of the world) haue I euer found most women. I haue sat a whol afternoone many times by my wife, and lookt vpon her eies, and felt if her pulses haue beat, when I haue nam'd a suspected loue, yet all this while haue not drawne from her the least scruple of confession. I haue laine awake a thousand nights, thinking she wold haue reuealed somewhat in her dreames, and when she has begunne to speake any thing in her sleepe, I haue iog'd her, and cried I sweete heart. But when wil your loue come, or what did hee say to thee ouer the stall? Or what did he do to thee in the Garden-chamber? Or when wil he send to thee any letters, or when wilt thou send to him any mony, what an idle coxcombe iealousie wil make a man.

Enter Wafer and his wife. Well, this is my comfort that heere comes a creature of the same head-peece.

Mist Waf. O my sweet Child, wheres the Collier?

Iust. Here forsooth.

Mist Waf. Run into Bucklers burry for two ounces of Draggon water, some Sperma cæty and Treakle. What is it sicke of Collar? a burning Feauer?

Iust. Faith mistris I do not know the infirmity of it: wil you buy any smal Coale, say you?

waf. Prethee go in and empty them, come be not so impatient.

Mist waf. I, I, I, if you had groand fort as I haue done you wold haue bin more natural. Take my riding hat, and my kirtle there: Ile away presently?

waf. You wil not go to night, I am sure.

Mist wafer. As I liue but I wil.

Waf. Faith sweet hart I haue great busines to night, stay til to morrow and Ile go with you.

Mist waf. No sir I wil not hinder your busines. I see how little you respect the fruits of your owne bodie. I shal find some bodye to beare me company.

Waf. Wel, I wil deferre my busines for once, and go with thee.

Mist waf. By this light but you shal not, you shal not hit me i'th teeth that I was your hindrance, wil you to Bucklers burry sir?

Waf. Come you are a foole leaue your weeping. *Exit Waf.*

Mist Waf. You shal not go with me as I liue.

Iust. Puple. *Mist. Waf.* Excellent maister.

Iust. Admirable Mistris, howe happie be our Englishwomen that are not troubled with Iealous husbands; why your Italians in general are so Sun-burnt with these Dog-daies, that your great Lady there thinkes her husband loues her not if hee bee not Iealious: what confirmes the liberty of our women more in England, then the Italian Prouerbe, which saies if there were a bridge ouer the narrow Seas, all the women in Italy would shew their husbands a Million of light paire of heeles, and flie ouer into England.

Mist. Waf. The time of our meeting? Come?

Iust. Seauen. *Mist. Waf.* The place.

Iust. In Blacke Friers, there take VVater, keepe a loofe from the shore, on with your Masks, vp with your sails, and *West-ward Hoe*

Mist. Waf. So. *Exit Mistris Wafer.*

Iust. O the quick apprehension of women, the'ile groape out a mans meaning presently, wel, it rests now that I discouer my selfe in my true shape to these Gentlewomens husbands: for though I haue plaid the foole a little to beguile the memory of mine owne misfortune, I woulde not play the knaue, though I be taken for a Banquerout, but indeed as in other things, so in that, the worlde is much deceiued in me, for I haue yet three thousand pounds in the hands of a sufficient friend, and all my debts discharged. I haue receiued here a letter from my wife, directed to *Stode*, wherein shee most repentantly intreateth my return, with protestation to gyue me assured tryall of her honesty. I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but I will put it to the test, there is a great strife betweene beautie, & Chastity, and that which pleaseth many is neuer free from temtation: as for Iealousie, it makes many Cuckoldes, many fooles, and many banquerouts: It may haue abused me and not my wifes honesty: Ile try it: but first to my secure and doting Companion. *Exit.*

Enter Monopoly and Mistris Tenterhooke.

Mono. I beseech you Mistris *Tenterhooke*,
Before God Ile be sicke if you will not be merry.

Mist. Tent. You are a sweet Beagle.

Come

Mono. Come, becauſe I kept from Towne a little, let mee not liue if I did not heare the ſicknes was in Towne very hot: In troth thy hair is of an excellent colour ſince I ſaw it. O thoſe bright treſſes like to threds of gold.

Miſt. Tent. Lye, and aſhes, ſuffer much in the city for that compariſon. *Mono.* Heres an honeſt Gentleman wil be here by & by, was borne at Foolham: his name is *Goſling Gloo-worme.*

Miſt Tent. I know him, what is he?

Mono. He is a Knight: what aild your husband to be ſo haſty to arreſt me. *Miſt Tent.* Shal I ſpeak truly? ſhal I ſpeak not like a woman. *Mono.* Why not like a woman?

Miſt Tent. Becauſe womens tongues are like to c'ocks, if they go too faſt they neuer goe true, t'was I that got my husband to arreſt thee, I haue. *Mono.* I am beholding to you.

Miſt Tent. For ſooth I coulde not come to the ſpeech of you, I thinke you may be ſpoken with all now.

Mono. I thanke you, I hope youl baile me Coſin?

Miſt Tent. And yet why ſhould I ſpeak with you, I proteſt I loue my husband *Mono.* Tuſh let not any young woman loue a man in yeares too well. *Miſt Tent.* Why? *Mono* Becauſe heele dye before he can requite it. *Mono.* I haue acquainted *Wafer* and *Honyſuckle* with it, and they allow my wit for't extreamly. *Enter Ambuſh.* O honeſt Sergeant *Amb.* Welcome good miſtris *Tenterhooke.*

Miſt Tent. Sergeant I muſt needs haue my Coſin go alittle Way out of Town with me, and to ſecure thee, here are two Diamonds, they are worth two hundred pound, keepe them til I returne him.

Amb. Well tis good ſecuritie. (time

Miſt Tent. Do not come in my husbandes ſight in the meane

Enter Whirle, Glo-worme, Gozling, Linſtocke, Miſtris Honnyſuckle, and Miſtris Wafer.

Amb. Welcom Gallants. *Whirl.* How now *Monopoly* Arreſted?

Mono. O my little *Honyſuckle* art come to viſit a Priſoner?

Miſt Hony. Yes faith as Gentlemen viſit Marchants, to fare wel, or as Poets young quaint Reuellers, to laugh at them. Sirrha if I were ſome fooliſh Iuſtice, if I woulde not beg thy wit neuer truſt me. *Miſt Tent.* Why I pray you?

Miſt Hony. Becauſe it hath bin conceald al this while, but come ſhal we to boat, we are furniſht for attendants as Ladies are,

We haue our fooles, and our Vshers.

Sir. Goz. I thanke you Madame, I shall meete your wit in the close one day. *Mist. Waf.* Sirra, thou knoweſt my husband keeps a Kennell of hounds? *Mist. Hony.* Yes.

Whirl. Doth thy husband loue venery? *Mist. Waf.* Venery?

Whirl. I, hunting, and venery are words of one signification.

Mist. Waf. Your two husband, and hee haue made a match to go find a Hare about Bully Causy. *Mist. Tent.* Theile keepe an excellent house till we come home againe. *Mist. Ho.* O excellent, a Spanish dinner, a Pilcher, and a Dutch supper, butter and Onions. *Lyrist.* O thou art a mad wench.

Mist. Tent. Sergeant carry this ell of Cambrick to mistris *Bird.* tel her but that it is a rough tide, and that she feares the water, she should haue gone with vs. *Sir Goz.* O thou hast an excellent wit.

Whirl. To Boat hay? *Mist. Hony.* Sir *Gozlin?* I doe take it your legs are married. *Sir Goz.* Why mistris?

Mist. Honi. They looke so thin vpon it.

Sir Goz. Euer since I measurd with your husband, I haue shrunk in the calfe.

Mist. Hony. And yet you haue a sweet tooth in your head.

Sir Goz. O well dealt for the Calues head, you may talke what you will of legs, and rising in the small, and swelling beneath the garter. But tis certain when lank thighes brought long stockings out of fashion, the Courtiers Legge, and his slender tilting staffe grew both of a bigneſſe. Come for *Brainford.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus Scæna Prima.

Enter Mistris Birdlime and Luce.

Bird. Good morrow mistris *Luce*: how did you take your rest to night? how doth your good worship like your lodging? what will you haue to breakfast? *Luce.* A poxe of the Knight that was here last night, he promist to haue sent me some wilde foule; hee was drunk Ile be stewed else: *Bird.* Why do not you think he will send them? *Luce.* Hang them: tis no more in fashion for them to keepe their promises, then tis for men to pay their debtes. He will lie faster then a Dog trots: what a filthy knocking was at doore last night; some puny Inn-a-court-men, Ile hold my contribution. *Bird.* Yes in troth were they, ciuill gentlemen without beards,

but

but to say the truth, I did take exceptions at their knocking: took them a side & said to them: Gentlemen this is not well, that you should come in this habit, Cloakes and Rapiers, Boots and Spurs, I protest to you, those that be your Ancientes in the house would haue come to my house in their Caps and Gownes, ciuilly, and modestly. I promise you they might haue bin taken for Cittizens, but that they talke more liker fooles. Who knocks there? vp into your Chamber. *Enter master Honisuckle.*

Who are you, some man of credit? that you come in mufled thus.

Honi. Whose aboue?

Bird. Let me see your face first. O maister *Honisuckle*, why the old party: the old party.

Honi. Pew I will not go vp to her: no body else?

Enter Christian.

Bird. As I liue will you giue me some Sacke? wheres *Opportunity*. *Honi.* What dost call her?

Bird. Her name is *Christian*, but mistris *Luce* cannot abide that name, and so she cals her *Oppertunity*.

Honi. Very good, good.

Bird. Ist a shilling, bring the rest in *Aqua vite*.

Come shals go to Noddy.

Honi. I and thou wilt for halfe an hower.

Bird. Heere are the Cardes? deale, God send mee Duces and Aces with a Court Card, and I shall get by it.

Honi. That can make thee nothing.

Bird. Yes if I haue a coate Card turne vp.

Honi. I shew foure games?

Bird: By my troth I must shew all and little enough to, sixe games: play your single game, I shall double with you anone. Pray you lend me some siluer to count my games?

How now is it good Sack? *Enter Christian.*

Chri: Theres a gentleman at doore would speake with you.

Ho: Gods so, I will not be seene by any means. *Enter Tenterhook.*

Bird: Into that closet then? What another mufler?

Ten. How dost thou mistris *Birdlime*? *Bird.* Master *Tenterhooke* the party is aboue in the dining Chamber. *Tent.* Aboue.

Bird. All alone?

Honi. Is he gone vp? who wast I pray thee?

Bird.

Bird. By this sacke I wi'l not tel you I say that you were a contry Gentleman, or a Cittizen that hath a young wife, or an Inne of Chauncery Man, shou'd I tell you? Pardon me; this Sacke tastes of Horse-flesh, I warrant you the leg of a dead horse hangs in the But of Sacke to keepe it quicke?

Hony. I beseech thee good Mistris *Birdlime* tel me who it was.

Bird. O God sir we are sworne to secrecy as wel as Surgeons. Come drinke to me, and lets to our game.

Tenterhooke and Luce aboue.

Tent. Who am I?

Luce. You, pray you vnblind me, Captaine *Whirlpoole*, no, maister *Lynstock*: pray vnblind me, you are not sir *Gozling Glo-worme*, for he weares no Ringes of his fingers! Maister *Freeze-leather*, O your are *George* the drawer at the Miter, pray you vnblinde mee, Captaine *Puckfoist*, Maister *Counterpaine* the Lawier, what the diuel meane you, beshrew your heart you haue a very dry hand, are you not mine host Dog-bolt of Brainford, Mistris *Birdlyme*, maister *Honysuckle*, Maister *Wafer*.

Tent. What the last of al your Clients.

Luce. O how dost thou good Cosin.

Tent. I you haue many Cosins.

Luce. Faith I can name many that I do not know, and suppose I did know them what then? I will suffer one to keepe me in diet, another in apparrel; another in Phisick; another to pay my house rent. I am iust of the Nature of *Alcumy*; I wil suffer euery plodding foole to spend monie vpon me, marrie none but some worthie friend to inioy my more retir'd and vse-full faithfulnes.

Tent. Your loue, your loue.

Luce. O I, tis the curse that is laid vppon our quallitie, what wee gleane from others we lauish vpon some trothlesse welfac'd younger Brother, that Loues vs onely for maintainance.

Tent. Hast a good Tearme *Luce*?

Luce. A pox on the Tearme, and now I thinke on't, saies a gentleman last night let the pox be in the Towne seauen yeare, Westminster neuer breeds Cob-webs & yet tis as catching as the plagu, though not al so general, there be a thousand bragging lackes in London, that wil protest they can wrest comfort from me when (I sweare) not one of them know wheather my palme be moiste or not

not: In troth I loue thee: You promist me seuen Elles of Cambrick. *Wafer knocks and enters*, Whose that knocks?

Honi. What, more Sacks to the Myl, Ile to my old retiremẽt.

Bird. How doth your good worship, Pasion of my hart, what shift shall I make. How hath your good wor. done, a long time?

Waf. Very well Godamercy.

Bird. Your good worsh. I thinke be riding out of towne.

Waf. Yes beleeue me, I loue to be once a weeke a horsebacke, for methinks nothing sets a man out, better than a Horse.

Bird. Tis certen, nothing sets a woman out better than a man.

Waf. What, is mist. Luce aboue? *Bird.* Yes truely.

Waf. Not any company with her. *Bird.* Company? Shall I say to your good worship and not lie, she hath had no company (let me see how long it was since your Wor. was heare) you wẽt to a Butchers feast at Cuckolds-hauen the next day after Saint Lukes day. Not this fortnight, in good truth.

Waf. Alasse, good soule. *Bird.* And why was it? Go to, go to, I thinke you know better than I. The wench asketh euery day when will M. *wafer* be heere: And if Knightes aske for her, shee cries out at stayre-hed, As you loue my life let em not come vp, Ile do my selfe vyolence if they enter: Haue not you promist hir somwhat? *waf.* Faith, I thinke she loues me.

Bird. Loues: Wel, wud you knew what I know, then you wud say somwhat. In good faith shees very poore, all her gowns are at pawne: she owes me fiue pound for her dyet, besides 40. sh. I lent her to redeem two halfe silke Kirtles from the Brokers, And do you thinke she needed be in debt thus, if shee thought not of Some-body.

Waf. Good honest Wench.

Bird. Nay in troth, shees now entring into bond for 5. poundes more, the Scriuener is but new gon vp to take ber bond.

wafer Come, let her not enter into bond, Ile lend her 5. pound, ile pay the rest of her debts, Call downe the Scriuener?

Bird. I pray you when he comes downe, stand mufled, and *I*le tell him you are her brother.

Waf. If a man haue a good honest wench, that liues wholy to his vse, let him not see hir want. *Exit Bird. and enter aboue.*

Bird. O, mist. *Luce*, mist. *Luce*, you are the most vnfortunate

gentlewoman that euer breathde: your young wild brother came newly out of the Countrey, he calles me Bawd, sweares I keepe a Bawdy house, saies his sister is turned whore, and that he wil kill, & slay any man that he finds in her company.

Tent. What conuayance wil you make with me mistris *Birdlime.*

Luce. O God let him not come vp, tis the swaggring'st wild-oats.

Bird. I haue pacified him somwhat, for I told him, that you were a Scriuener come to take a band of her, now as you go foorth say she might haue had so much mony if she had pleased, and say, she is an honest Gentlewoman and al wil be wel.

Tent. Inough, farewel good Luce.

Bird. Come change your voice, and muffle you.

Luce. What trick should this be, I haue neuer a brother, Ile hold my life some franker customer is come, that shee slides him off so smoothly. *Enter Tenterhooke and Birdlime.*

Tent. The Gentlewoman is an honest Gentlewoman as any is in London, and should haue had thrice as much money vpon her single bond for the good report I heare of her.

Waf. No sir, hir friends can furnish her with mony.

Tent. By this light I should know that voice, *Wafer*, od'sfoote are you the Gentlewomans Brother?

Waf. Are your turnd a Scriuener *Tenterhooke?*

Bird. I am spoild.

Waf. Tricks of mistris Birdlyme by this light.

Enter Honysuckle.

Hony. Hoick Couert, hoick couert, why Gentlemen is this your hunting?

Tent. A Consort, what make you here *Honysuckle?*

Hony. Nay what make you two heare, O excellent mistris *Bird.* thou hast more trickes in thee then a Punke hath Vnckles, cosins, Brothers, Sons or Fathers: an infinit Company.

Bird. If I did it not to make your good worships merry, neuer beleeue me, I wil drinke to your worship a glasse of Sack.

Enter Iustiniano.

Iust. God saue you.

Hony & Waf. Maister *Iustiniano* welcome from *Stead.*

Iust. Why Gentlemen I neuer came there.

Tent. Neuer there! where haue you bin then?

Iust

Iust. Mary your daily guest I thanke you.

Omn. Ours.

Iust. I yours.

I was the pedant that learnt your wiues to write, I was the Colliar that brought you newes your childe was sicke, but the truth is, for ought I knowe, the Child is in health, and your wiues are gone to make merry at Brainford.

Waf. By my troth good wenches, they little dreame where we are now. *Iust.* You little dreame what gallants are with them.

Tent. Gallants with them! Ide laugh at that.

Iust. Foure Gallants by this light, Mai. *Monopoly* is one of them.

Tent. Monopoly? Ide laugh at that in faith.

Iust. Would you laugh at that! why do ye laugh at it then, they are ther by this time, I cannot stay to giue you more particular intelligence: I haue receiued a letter from my wife heare, if you will cal me at *Putney*, Ile beare you company.

Tent. Od'sfoot what a Rogue is Sergeant *Ambush*, Ile vndo him by this light.

Iust. I met Sergeant *Ambush*, and wild him come to this house to you presently, so Gentlemen I leaue you! Bawd I haue nothing to say to you now; do not thinke to much in so dangerous a matter for in womens matters tis more dangerous to stand long deliberating, then before a battaile. *Exit Iusti.*

Waf. This fellowes pouerty hath made him an arrant knaue.

Bird. will your worship drinke any *Aquavitæ*?

Tent. Apox on your *Aquavitæ*. *Monopoly*, that my wife vrged me to arrest gon to *Brainford*. *Enter Ambush.* heres comes the varlet. *Amb.* I am come sir to know your pleasure.

Tent. What hath *Monopoly* paid the mony yet?-

Amb. No sir, but he sent for mony.

Tent. You haue not caried him to the counter, he is at your house still. *Amb:* O Lord I sir as melancholike &c.

Tent You lie like an arrant varlet, by this candle I laugh at the iest

Bird. And yet hees ready to cry.

Tent. Hees gone with my wife to Brainford, and there bee any Law in England Ile tickle ye for this.

Amb. Do your worst, for I haue good security & I care not, besides it was his cosin your wiues pleasure that he should goe along with her. *Tent.* Hoy day, her cosin, wel sir, your security.

Amb. Why sir two Diamonds here.

Tent. O my hart : my wiues two Diamonds,
Wel, youle go along and iustifie this. *Enter Luce.*

Amb. That I wil sir.

Luce. Who am I?

Tent. What the Murrion care I who you are, hold off your Fingers, or Ile cut them with this Diamond.

Luce. Ile see em i faith,
So, Ile keepe these Diamonds tell I haue my sike gowne, and sixels of Cambricke.

Tent. By this light you shal not.

Luce. No, what do you think you haue Fops in hand, sue me for them. *waf. and Hony.* As you respect your credit lets go.

Tent. Good Luce as you loue me let me haue them, it stands vpon my Credit; thou shalt haue any thing, take my purse.

Luce. I will not be croft in my humour sir.

Tent. You are a dam'd filthy punke, what an vnfortunate Rogue was I, that euer I came into this house.

Bird. Do not spurne any body in my house you were best.

Tent. Well, well.

Bird. Excellent Luce, the getting of these two Diamondes maie chaunce to saue the Gentlewomens credit; thou heardst all.

Luce. O I, and by my troath pittye them, what a filthy Knaue was that betraied them.

Bird. One that put me into pittifull feare, master *Iustiniano* here hath laied lurking like a sheep-biter, and in my knowledge hath drawne these gentlewomen to this misfortune : but Ile downe to Queene-hiue, and the Watermen which were wont to carrie you to Lambeth *Marsh*, shall carry mee thither : It may bee I may come before them ; I thinke I shal pray more, what for feare of the water, and for my good successe then I did this tweluemonth.

Scæna 2 *Enter the Earle and three Seruingmen.*

Earl. Haue you perfum'd this Chamber?

Omn. Yes my Lord.

Ear. The banquet?

Omn. It stands ready.

Ear. Go, let musicke
Charme with her excellent voice an awfull scilence

Through

Through al this building, that her ſphæry ſoule
May (on the wings of Ayre) in thouſand formes
Inuiſibly flie, yet be inioy'd. Away.

1 *Ser.* Does my Lorde meane to Coniure that hee drawes this ſtrange Characters.

2 *Ser.* He does: but we ſhal ſee neither the Spirit that riſes, nor the Circle it riſes in.

3 *Ser.* Twould make our haire ſtand vp an end if wee ſhoulde, come fooles come, meddle not with his matters, Lords may do any thing. *Exeunt.*

Ear. This night ſhal my deſires be amply Crownd,
And al thoſe powers, that taſt of man in vs,
Shall now aſpire that point of happines,
Beyond which, ſenſual eies neuer looke, (ſweet pleaſure!)
Delicious pleaſure? Earths Supreameſt good,
The ſpring of blood, tho it dry vp our blood.
Rob me of that, (tho to be drunke with pleaſure,
As ranke exceſſe euen in beſt things is bad;
Turnes man into a beaſt) yet that being gone,
A horſe and this (the goodlieſt ſhape) al one.
We feed: weare rich attires: and ſtriue to cleaue
The ſtars with Marble Towers, fight battailes: Spend
Our blood to buy vs names: and in Iron hold
Will we eate roots, to impriſon fugitiue gold:
But to do thus, what Spell can vs excite,
This the ſtrong Magick of our appetite:
To feaſt which richly, life it ſelfe vndoes,
Whoo'd not die thus? to ſee, and then to chooſe
Why euen thoſe that ſtarue in Voluntary wants,
And to aduance the mind, keepe the fleſh poore,
The world Inioying them, they not the world,
Wud they do this, but that they are proud to ſucke
A ſweetnes from ſuch ſowrenes; let em ſo,
The torrent of my appetite ſhall flow
With happier ſtreame. A woman! Oh, the Spirit
And extract of Creation! This, this night,
The Sun ſhal enuy. What cold checks our blood?
Her bodie is the Chariot of my ſoule,

Her eies my bodies light, which if I want,
Life wants, or if posseſſe, I vndo her;
Turne her into a diuel, whom I adore,
By ſcorching her with the hot ſteeme of luſt.
Tis but a minutes pleaſure: and the ſinne
Scarce acted is repented. Shun it than:
O he that can Abſtaine, is more than man!
Tuſh. Reſolu'ſt thou to do ill: be not precize
Who writes of *Vertue* beſt, are ſlaues to vize, *Muſick.*
The muſicke ſounds allarum to my blood,
Whats bad I follow, yet I ſee whats good.

Whilſt the ſong is heard. The Earle drawes a Curten and ſets forth a Banquet: he then Exit, and Enters preſently with Parenthesis attird like his wife maskt: leads him to the table, places him in a chaire, and in dumbe ſignes, Courts him, til the ſong be done.

Ear. Fayre! be not doubly maskt: with that and night,
Beautie (like gold) being vſ'd becomes more bright.

Par. Wil it pleaſe your Lordſhip to ſit, I ſhal receiue ſmal pleaſure if I ſee your Lordſhip ſtand.

Ear: Witch, hag, what art thou proud damnation?

Par: A Marchants wife.

Ear: Fury who raizd thee vp, what com'ſt thou for!

Par: For a banquet.

Ear: I am abuſ'd, deluded: Speake what art thou?
Vds death ſpeake, or ile kil thee: in that habit
I lookt to find an Angel, but thy face,
Shewes th'art a Diuel.

Par: My face is as God made it my Lord: I am no diuel vnleſſe women be diuels, but men find em not ſo, for they daily hunte for them.

Ear: What art thou that doſt cozen me thus?

Par: A Marchants wife I ſay: *Iuſtinianos* wife. She, whome that long burding piece of yours, I meane that Wicked mother Birdlyme caught for your honor. Why my Lord, has your Lordſhippe forgot how ye courted me laſt morning.

Ear. The diuel I did.

Par. Kiſt me laſt morning.

Ear. Succubus, not thee.

Gaue

Par. Gaue me this Iewel laſt morning.

Ear. Not to thee *Harpy*.

Par. To me vpon mine honeſtie, ſwore you would build me a lodging by the *Thames* ſide with a watergate to it: or els take mee a lodging in Cole-harbor.

Ear. I ſwore ſo.

Par. Or keep me in a Laborinth as *Harry* kept Roſamond wher the Minotaure my husband ſhould not enter.

Ear. I ſware ſo, but *Gipſie* not to thee?

Par. To me vppon my honour, hard was the ſiege, which you laid to the Chriſtal wals of my chaſtity, but I held out you know: but becauſe I cannot bee too ſtony harted, I yeelded my Lord, by this token my Lord (which token lies at my heart like lead) but by this token my Lord, that this night you ſhould commit that ſinne which we al know with me. *Ear.* Thee?

Par. Do I looke vgly, that you put thee vppon me: did I giue you my hand to horne my head, thats to ſay my husband, and is it com to thee: is my face a filthyer face, now it is yours, then when it was his: or haue I two faces vnder one hoode. I confeſſe I haue laid mine eyes in brine, and that may chaunge the coppy. But my Lord I know what I am.

Ear. A Sorcereſſe, thou ſha't witch mine cares no more,
If thou canſt pray, doot quickly for thou dieſt.

Par. I can praie but I will not die, thou lieſt:
My Lord there drops your Ladie; And now know,
Thou vnſeaſonable Lecher, I am her husband
Whom thou would'ſt make whore, read: ſhe ſpeakes there thus,
Vnleſſe I came to her, her hand ſhou'd free
Her Chaſtitie from blemiſh, proud I was
Of her braue mind, I came, and ſeeing what ſlauerie
Pouertie, and the frai'tie of her Sex
Had; and was like to make her Subiect to,
I begd that ſhe would die, my ſuite was granted,
I poiſon'd her, thy luſt there ſtrikes her dead,
Hornes feard, plague worſe, than ſticking on the head.

Ear. Oh God thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe and me,
None liue to match this peece, thou art to bloudie,
Yet for her ſake, whom Ile embalme with teares,

This

This Act with her I bury, and to quit
Thy losse of such a Iewel, thou shalt share
My liuing with me, Come imbrace.
Par. My Lord.
Earl. Villaine, dambd mercilesse slaue, Ile torture thee
To euery ynch of flesh: what ho: helpe, whose there? *Enter Ser-*
Come hither: heres a murderer, bind him. How now, *uingmen.*
What noise is this. *Enter the* 1. *Seruingmen.*

1 *Ser.* My Lord there are three Cittizens face mee downe, that heres one maister *Parenthesis* a schoolemaister with your Lordship and desire he may be forth-comming to em.

Par. That borrowed name is mine. Shift for your selues:
Away, shift for your selues; fly, I am taken.
Ear. Why should they flye thou Skreech-owle.
Par. I wil tel thee,
Those three are partners with me in the murder,
We foure commixt the poison, shift for your selues.
Ear. Stops mouth, and drag him backe: intreat em enter

Enter the three Cittizens.

O what a conflict feele I in my bloud,
I would I were lesse great to be more good:
Y'are welcome, wherefore came you? guard the dores;
When I behold that obiect, al my sences
Reuolt from reason, he that offers flight,
Drops downe a Coarse.
Al. 3. a Coarse?

1. *Ser.* I a coarse, do you scorn to be worms meat more then she?

Par. See Gentlemen, the Italian that does scorne,
Beneath the Moone, no basenes like the horne,
Has powr'd through all the veines of yon chast bosome,
Strong poison to preserue it from that plague,
This fleshly Lord: he doted on my wife,
He would haue wrought on her and plaid on me.
But to pare off these brims, I cut off her,
And guld him with this lie, that you had hands
Dipt in her blood with mine, but this I did,
That his staind age and name might not be hid.
My Act (tho vild) the world shall crowne as iust,

I shall dye cleere, when he liues soyld with lust:
But come: rise Moll. Awake sweete Moll, th'ast played
The woman rarely, counterfetted well.

1. *Ser.* Sure sh'as nine liues.

Par. See, *Lucrece* is not slaine,
Her eyes which lust cald Suns, haue their first beames,
And all these frightments are but idle dreames:
Yet (afore *Ioue*) she had her knife prepard
To let his bloud forth ere it should run blacke?
Do not these open cuts now, coole your back?
Methinkes they should: when *Vice* sees with broad eyes
Her vgly forme, she does hirselfe despise.

Ear. Mirror of dames, I looke vpon thee now,
As men long blind, (hauing recouered sight)
Amazd: scarce able are to endure the light:
Mine owne shame strikes me dumb: henceforth the booke
Ile read shall be thy mind, and not thy looke.

Hony. I would either wee were at Braineford to see our wiues, or our wiues heere to see this Pageant.

Tent. So would I, I stand vpon thornes.

Ear. The iewels which I gaue you: weare: your fortunes,
Ile raise on golden Pillars: fare you well,
Lust in old age like burnt straw, does euen choake
The kindlers, and consumes, in stincking Smoake. *Exit.*

Par. You may follow your Lord by the smoake, Badgers.

1. *Ser.* If fortune had fauord him, wee might haue followed you by the hornes.

Par. Fortune fauors fooles, your Lords a wise Lord: So: how now? ha? This is that makes me fat now, ist not Rats-bane to you Gentlemen, as pap was to *Nestor*, but I know the inuisible sins of your wiues hang at your eye-lides, and that makes you so heauy headed. *Tent.* If I do take em napping I know what Ile do.

Honi. Ile nap some of them.

Tent. That villaine *Monopoly*, and that sir *Gozlin* treads em all.

Wafer. Wud I might come to that treading.

Par. Ha ha, sownd I: come Moll: the booke of the siedge of *Ostend*, writ by one that dropt in the action, will neuer sell so well, as a report of the siedge between this *Graue*, this wicked elder and

thy selfe, an impression of you two, wold away in a May-morning: was it euer heard that such tyrings, were brought away from a Lord by any wench but thee Moll, without paying, vnlesse the wench connycatcht him? go thy thy waies: if all the great Turks Concubins were but like thee, the ten-penny-infidell should neuer neede keep so many geldings to ney ouer em: come shal this Westerne voyage hold my harts? *All* 3. Yes, yes.

Par. Yes, yes: Sfoot you speake as if you had no harts, & look as if you were going westward indeede: to see how plaine dealing women can pull downe men: Moll youle helpe vs to catch Smelts too?

Mist. Iust. If you be pleasd.

Par. Neuer better since I wore a Smock.

Honi. I feare our oares haue giuen vs the bag.

Wafer. Good, Ide laught at that.

Par. If they haue, would wheres might giue them the Bottle: come march whilst the women double their files: Married men see, theres comfort: the Moones vp: fore *Don Phœbus*, I doubt we shall haue a Frost this night, her hornes are so sharp: doe you not feele it bite.

Tent. I do, I me sure.

Par. But weele sit vppon one anothers skirts ith Boate, and lye close in straw, like the hoary Courtier. Set on to Brainford now: where if you meete fraile wiues, Nere sweare gainst hornes, invaine dame Nature striues. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus Scæna Prima.

Enter Monopoly, Whirlepoole, Lynstock, and their wiues, Iudyth, Mabell, and Clare, their Hats off.

Mono. Why Chamberlin? will not these Fidlers be drawn forth? are they not in tune yet? Or are the Rogues a fraid ath Statute, and dare not trauell so far without a passe-port?

Whir. What Chamberlin?

Lynst. Wheres mine host? what Chamberlin. *Enter Chamberlin.*

Cham. Anon sir, heere sir, at hand sir.

Mono. Wheres this noise? what a lowsie Townes this? Has Brainford no musick int.

Cham. They are but rozining sir, and theile scrape themselues in-

into your company presently.

Mono. Plague a their Cats guts, and their scraping: dost not see women here, and can we think'st thou be without a noise then?

Cha. The troth is sir, one of the poore instruments caught a sore mischance last night: his most base bridge fell downe, and belike they are making a gathering for the reparations of that.

Whir. When they come, lets haue em with apox.

Cham. Well sir, you shall sir.

Mo. Stay Chamberlin: wheres our knight sir *Gozlin?* wheres sir *Gozlin*. *Cham.* Troth sir, my master, and sir *Gozlin* are guzling: they are dabling together fathom deepe: the Knight hath drunke so much Helth to the Gentleman yonder, on his knees, that hee has almost lost the vse of his legs.

Iud. O for loue, let none of em enter our roome, fie.

Mab. I wud not haue em cast vp their accounts here, for more then they meane to be drunke this twelue month.

Cla. Good Chamberlin keepe them and their Helthes out of our company. I warrant you, their Helthes shall not hurt you. *Exit.*

Mo. I, well said: they're none of our giuing: let em keep their owne quarter: Nay I told you the man would soake him if hee were ten Knights: if he were a Knight of Gold they'd fetch him ouer.

Cla. Out vpon him?

Whirl. There's a Liefetennant and a Captaine amongst em too.

Mo: Nay, then looke to haue some body lie on the earth fort: Its ordinary for your Liefetennant to be drunke with your Captaine, and your Capten to cast with your Knight.

Cla: Did you neuer hear how sir *Fabian Scarcrow* (euen such another) tooke me vp one night before my husband being in wine.

Mab. No indeede, how was it?

Cla. But I thinke I tooke him downe with a witnesse,

Iud. How? Good *Tenterhooke*.

Cla. Nay Ile haue all your eares take part of it.

Omni. Come, on then.

Cla: He vsd to frequent me and my Husband diuerse times; And at last comes he out one morning to my husband, and sayes, maister *Tenterhooke* saies he, I must trouble you to lend mee 200. pound about a commodity which I am to deale in, and what was that commodity but his knighthood.

Omn. So.

Cla. Why you shall Maister *Scarcrow* saies my good man: So within a little while after, Maister *Fabian* was created Knight.

Mono. Created a Knight! thats no good heraldry: you must say dubd. *Cla.* And why not Created pray.

Omn. I wel done, put him downe ats owne weapon.

Cla. Not Created, why al things haue their being by creation.

Lynst. Yes by my faith ist.

Cla. But to returne to my tale.

Whirl. I mary: marke now.

Cla. When he had climb'd vp this costly ladder of preferment, he disburses the mony backe agen very honorably: comes home, and was by my husbande invited to supper: There supt with vs besides, another Gentleman incident to the Court, one that hadde bespoke me of my husband to help me into the banqueting house and see the reuelling: a young Gentleman, and that wagge (our schoolemaister) maister *Parenthesis*, for I remember he said grace, methinks I see him yet, how he turn'd vp the white a'th eie, when he came to the last Gaspe, and that he was almost past Grace.

Mab. Nay he can doot.

Cla. All supper time, my New-minted knight, made Wine the waggon to his meat, for it ran downe his throat so fast, that before my Chamber-maid had taken halfe vp, he was not scarce able to stand.

Mono. A generall fault at Cittizens tables.

Cla. And I thinking to play vpon him, askt him, Sir *Fabian Scarcrow* quoth I, what pretty Gentlewoman wil you raise vp now to stal her your Lady? but he like a foul-mouthd man, swore zounds Ile stal neuer a punke in England. A Lady, theres two many already: O fie Sir *Fabian* (quoth I) will you cal her that shall bee your wife such an odious name! and then he sets out a throat & swore agen (like a stinking breathd knight as he was) that women were like horses.

Iud. and Mab. O filthy knaue.

Cla. Theyde break ouer any hedge to change their pasture, tho it were worse: Fie man fie, (saies the Gentlewoman.)

mono. Very good.

Cla. And he bristling vp his beard to raile at her too, I cut hym

ouer

ouer the thumbs thus: why sir *Fabian Scarcrow* did I incēse my husband to lend you so much mony vpon your bare worde, and doe you backbite my friends, and me to our faces! I thought you had had more perseuerance; if you bore a Knightly and a degenerous mind you would scorne it: you had wont to be more deformable amongst women: Fie, that youle be so humorsome: here was Nobodie so egregious towardes you sir *Fabian*! and thus in good sadnes, I gaue him the best wordes I coulde picke out to make him ashamd of his doings.

Whirl. And how tooke he this Correction.

Cla. Verie heauily: for he slept presentlie vpont: & in the morning was the sorriest Knight, and I warrant is so to this daie, that liues by bread in England.

mono. To see what wine and women can do, the one makes a man not to haue a word to throw at a Dogge, the other makes a man to eat his owne words, tho they were neuer so filthy.

Whirl. I see these Fiddlers cannot build vp their bridge, that some Musicke may come ouer vs.

Lynst. No faith they are drunke too, what shals do therefore.

mono. Sit vp at Cards al night?

mab. Thats Seruingmans fashion.

Whirl. Drinke burnt wine and Egs then?

Iud. Thats an exercise for your sub-burbe wenches.

Cla. No no, lets set vpon our posset and so march to bed, for I begin to wax light with hauing my Natural sleep puld out a mine eies.

Omn. Agreed: beet so, the sacke posset and to bed.

mono. What Chamberlain? I must take a pipe of Tobacco.

3. *Women.* Not here, not here, not here.

mab. Ile rather loue a man that takes a purse, then him that takes Tobacco.

Cla. By my little finger Ile breake al your pipes, and burne the Case, and the box too, and you drawe out your stinking smoake afore me. *mono.* Prethee good mistris *Tenterhooke*, Ile ha done in a trice. *mono.* Do you long to haue me swoune?

mono. Ile vse but halfe a pipe in troth.

Cla. Do you long to see me lie at your feet!

mono. Smell toot: tis perfum'd.

Cla. Oh God? Oh God? you anger me: you ſtir my bloud: you moue me: you make me ſpoile a good face with frowning at you: this was euer your faſhion, ſo to ſmoake my Husband when you come home, that I could not abide him in mine eye: hee was a moate in it me thought a month after: pray ſpawle in another roome: fie, fie, fie.

Mo. Well, well, come, weele for once feed hir humor.

Iud. Get two roomes offat leaſt if you loue vs.

Mab. Three, three, maiſter *Lynſtocke* three.

Lin. Sfoote weele dance to Norwich, and take it there, if youle ſtay till we returne agen? Heeres a ſtir, youle ill abide a fiery face, that cannot endure a ſmoaky noſe.

Mo. Come lets ſatisfie our appetite.

Whi. And that wil be hard for vs, but weele do our beſt. *Exeunt.*

Cla. So: are they departed? What ſtring may wee three thinke that theſe three gallants harp vppon, by bringing vs to this ſinfull towne of Brainford? ha?

Iud. I know what ſtring they would harpe vppon, if they could put vs into the right tune.

Mab. I know what one of em buz'd in mine eare, ſtill like a Theefe in a Candle, he made mine eares burne, but I ſwore to ſay nothing.

Cla. I know as verily they hope, and brag one to another, that this night theile row weſtward in our husbands whirries, as wee hope to bee rowd to London to morrowe morning in a paire of oares. But wenches lets bee wiſe, and make Rookes of them that I warrant are now ſetting purſenets to conycatch vs.

Both. Content.

Cla. They ſhall know that Cittizens wiues haue wit enough to out ſtrip twenty ſuch guls; tho we are merry, lets not be mad: be as wanton as new married wiues, as fantaſticke and light headed to the eye, as fether-makers, but as pure about the heart, as if we dwelt amongſt em in Black Fryers.

Mab. Weele eate and drinke with em.

Clar. Oh yes: eate with em as hungerly as ſouldiers: drinke as if we were Froes: talke as freely as Ieſtors, but doe as little as miſers. Who (like dry Nurſes) haue great breaſtes but giue no milke. It were better we ſhould laugh at their popin-Iayes, then

liue

liue in feare of their prating tongues: tho we lye all night out of the Citty, they shall not find country wenches of vs: but since we ha brought em thus far into a fooles Paradice, leaue em int: the Ieſt shal be a ſtock to maintain vs and our pewfellowes in laughing at chriſtnings, cryings out, and vpſittings this 12. month: how ſay you wenches, haue I ſet the Sadle on the right horſe.

Both. O twill be excellent.

Mab. But how ſhall we ſhift em off?

Cla. Not as ill debters do their Creditors (with good wordes) but as Lawyers do their Clyents when their ouerthrown, by ſome new knauiſh tricke: and thus it ſhall bee: one of vs muſt diſſemble to be ſuddenly very ſick.

Iud. Ile be ſhe.

Clar. Nay, tho we can all diſſemble well, yet Ile be ſhe: for men are ſo iealous, or rather enuious of one anothers happineſſe (Eſpecially in this out of towne goſſipings) that he who ſhall miſſe his hen, if hee be a right Cocke indeede, will watch the other from treading.

Mab. Thats certaine, I know that by my ſelfe.

Cla. And like *Eſops* Dog, vnleſſe himſelfe might eate hay, wil lie in the manger and ſtarue: but heele hinder the horſe from eating any: beſides it will be as good as a Welch hooke for you to keepe out the other at the Staues end: for you may boldly ſtand vppon this point, that vnleſſe euery mans heeles may bee tript vp, you ſcorne to play at football.

Iud. Thats certaine: peace I heare them ſpitting after their Tobacco. *Cla.* A chaire, a chaire, one of you keepe as great a coyle and calling, and as if you ran for a midwife: tho'ther holde my head: why ſſt I cut my lace.

Mab. Paſſion of me? maiſter *Monopoly*, maiſter *Linſtocke* and you be men, help to daw *miſtris Tenterhooke*: O quickly, quickly, ſhees ſicke and taken with an Agony.

Enter as ſhe cryes Monopolie, Whirlepoole, and Lynſtocke.

Omni. Sick? How? how now? whats the matter?

Monop. Sweete *Clare* call vp thy ſpirits.

Clare. O maiſter *Monopoly*, my ſpirits will not come at my calling, I am terrible and Ill: Sure, ſure, I'me ſtruck with ſome wicked planet, for it hit my very hart: Oh I feele my ſelfe worſe and worſe.

Mo.

Mono. Some burnt Sack for her good wenches: or poſſit drink, poxe a this Rogue Chamberlin, one of you call him: how her pulſes beate: a draught of Cynamon water now for her, were better than two Tankerdes out of the Thames: how now? Ha.

Cla. Ill, ill, ill, ill, ill.

Mono. I'me accurſt to ſpend mony in this Towne of iniquity: theres no good thing euer comes out of it: and it ſtands vppon ſuch muſty ground, by reaſon of the Riuer, that I cannot ſee how a tender woman can do well int. Sfoot? Sick now? caſt down now tis come to the puſh.

Cla. My mind miſgiues me that als not ſound at London.

Whirle. Poxe on em that be not ſounde, what need that touch you? *Cla.* I feare youle neuer carry me thither.

Omni. Puh, puh, ſay not ſo.

Cla. Pray let my cloathes be vtterly vndone, and then lay mee in my bed.

Lynſt. Walke vp and downe a little.

Cla. O maiſter *Lynſtock*, tis no walking will ſerue my turne: haue me to bed good ſweete Miſtris *Honiſuckle*, I doubt that olde Hag *Gillian* of *Braineford* has bewitcht me.

Mono. Looke to her good wenches.

Mab. I ſo we will, and to you too: this was excellent. *Exeunt.*

whirle. This is ſtrange.

Lynſt. Villanous ſpiteful luck: no matter, th'other two hold byas.

Whirle. Peace, marke how hees nipt: nothing greeues mee ſo much as that poore *Pyramus* here muſt haue a wall this night betweene him and his *Thisbe.*

Mono. No remedy truſty *Troylus*: and it greeues me as much, that youle want your falſe *Creſſida* to night, for heeres no ſir *Pandarus* to vſher you into your Chamber.

Lynſt. Ile ſomon a parlee to one of the Wenches, and ſee how all goes. *Mono.* No whiſpring with the common enimy by this Iron: he ſees the Diuell that ſees how all goes amongſt the women to night: Nay Sfoot? If I ſtand piping till you dance, damne me. *Lyn.* Why youle let me call to em but at the key-hole.

Mono. Puh, good maiſter *Lynſtocke*, Ile not ſtand by whilſt you giue Fire at your Key-holes? Ile hold no Trencher till an other feedes: no ſtirrup till another gets vp: be no doore-keeper. I

ha

ha not beene so often at Court, but I know what the back-side of the Hangings are made of. Ile trust none vnder a peece of Tapistry, *viz.* a Couerlet.

Whirl. What will you say if the Wenches do this to gull vs?

Mono. No matter, Ile not be doubly guld, by them and by you: goe, will you take the lease of the next chamber and doe as I do.

Both. And whats that?

Mono. Any villanie in your company, but nothing out on't will you sit vp, or lie by'te.

Whirl. Nay lie sure, for lying is most in fashion.

Mono. Troth then; Ile haue you before mee.

Booth. It shall be youres.

Mono. Yours ifaith: Ile play *Ianus* with two faces & looke a squinte both wayes for one night.

Lyn. Well Sir, you shall be our dore-keeper.

Mono. Since we must swim, lets leape into one flood,
Weele either be all naught, or els all good. *Exeunt.*

Enter a noyse of Fidlers, following the Chamberlyn.

Cham. Come, come, come, follow mee, follow mee. I warrant you ha lost more by not falling into a sound last night, than euer you got at one Iob since it pleas'd to make you a noise: I can tell you, gold is no money with 'hem: follow me and fum, as you goe; you shall put something into their eares, whilst I prouide to put something into their bellies. Followe close and fum ——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gozlin *and* Bird-lime *puld along by him.*

Goz. What kin art thou to Long-*Meg* of Westminster? th'art like her.

Bird. Some-what a like Sir at a b'ush, nothing a kin Sir, saiing in height of minde, and that she was a goodly Woman.

Goz. Mary Anbree, do not you know me? had not I a sight of this sweete Phisnomy at Renish-wine house! ha last day ith Stilliard ha! whither art bound Galley-foist? whether art

bound? whence com'ſt thou female yeoman-a the gard?

Bird. From London Sir.

Goz. Doſt come to keepe the dore *Aſcapart.*

Bird. My reparations hether is to ſpeake with the Gentlewoman here that drunke with your worſhippe at the Dutch-houſe of meeting.

Goz. Drunke with mee, you lie, not drunke with me: but 'faith what wou'dſt with the Women? they are a bed: art not a mid-wife? one of hem told mee thou wert a night woman.

Muſick within: the Fidlers.

Bird. I ha brought ſome women a bed, in my time Sir.

Goz. I and ſome yong-men too, ha'ſt not *Pandora*? howe now! where's this noyſe.

Bird. Ile commit your worſhip.

Goz. To the Stockes? art a Iuſtice? ſhalt not commit mee: dance firſt 'faith, why ſcrapers, appeare vnder the wenches Comicall Window, byth' Lord! Vds Daggers? cannot ſinne be ſet a ſhore once in a raigne vpō your Country quarters, but it muſt haue fidling? what ſet of Villaines are you, you perpetuall Ragamuffins? *Fid.* The Towne Conſort Sir.

Goz. Conſort with a pox? cannot the ſhaking of the ſheets be danc'd without your Town piping? nay then let al hel rore

Fid. I beſeech you Sir, put vp yours, and wee'le put vp ours: *Goz.* Play you louzie *Hungarians*: ſee, looke the Maipole is ſet vp, weele dance about it: keepe this circle *Maquerelle*.

Bird. I am no Mackrell, and ile keepe no Circles.

Goz. Play, life of *Pharao* play, the Bawde ſhall teach mee a Scotch Iigge.

Bird. Bawd! I defie thee and thy Iigges whatſoeuer thou art: were I in place where, Ide make thee proue thy wordes.

Goz. I wud proue hem Mother beſt be truſt: why doe not I know you Granam? and that Suger-loafe? ha! doe I not. *Magera.*

Bird. I am none of your Megges, do not nick-name me ſo: I will not be nickt.

Goz. You will not: you will not: how many of my name (of the *Glowormes*) haue paid for your furr'd Gownes, thou

Womans

Womans broker.

Bird. No Sir, I ſcorne to bee beholding to any Glo-worme that liues vppon Earth for my furre: I can keepe my ſelfe warme without Glowormes.

Goz. Canſt ſing Wood-pecker? come ſing and wake 'hem.

Bird. Wud you ſhould well know it, I am no ſinging Woman. *Goz.* Howle then! ſfoote ſing, or howle, or Ile break your Eſtrich Egſhell there.

Bird. My Egge hurts not you, what doe you meane to floriſh ſo. *Goz.* Sing Madge, Madge, ſing Owlet.

Bird. How can I ſing with ſuch a ſowre face — I am haunted with a caugh and cannot ſing.

Goz. One of your Inſtruments Mowntibankes, come, here clutch: clutch.

Bird. Alas Sir, I'me an olde woman, and knowe not how to clutch an inſtrument.

Goz. Looke marke too and fro as I rub it: make a noyſe: its no matter: any hunts vp, to waken vice.

Bird. I ſhall neuer rub it in tune. *Goz.* Will you ſcrape?

Bird. So you will let me go into the parties, I will ſawe, & make a noyſe.

Goz. Doe then: ſhatt into the parties, and part 'hem: ſhat my leane *Læna*.

Bird. If I muſt needes play the Foole in my olde dayes, let mee haue the biggeſt inſtrument, becauſe I can hold that beſt: I ſhall cough like a broken winded horſe, if I gape once to ſing once.

Goz. No matter cough out thy Lungs.

Bird. No Sir, tho Ime olde, and worme-eaten Ime not ſo rotten ——— *Coughes*.

A SONG.

Will your worſhip be ridde of me now.

Goz. Faine, as rich-mens heyres would bee of their gowtye dads: thats the hot-houſe, where your parties are ſweatinge: amble: goe, tell the Hee parties I haue ſent 'hem a Maſte to their ſhippe.

Bird. Yes forſooth Ile do your errand. *Exit.*

Goz. Halfe musty still by thundring *Ioue*: with what wedge of villanie might I cleaue out an howre or two? Fidlers, come: strike vp. march before mee, the Chamberlaine shall put a Crowne for you into his bill of *Items*: you shall sing bawdie songs vnder euery window ith Towne: vp will the Clownes start, downe come the Wenches, wee'le set the Men a fighting the Women a scolding, the Dogs a barking, you shall go on fidling, and I follow dancing *Lantara*: curry your instruments: play and away. *Exit.*

Enter Tenter-hooke, Hony-suckle, Wafer, Parenthesis, *and his wife with* Ambush *and* Chamberlayn.

Hony. Serieant *Ambush*, as th'art an honest fellow, scowte in some back roome, till the watch-word be giuen for sallying forth. *Amb.* Duns the Mouse. *Exit.*

Tent. —A little low-woman saist thou, —in a Veluet-cappe and one of 'him in a Beauer? brother *Honny-suckle*, and brother *Wafer*, hearke—they are they.

Waf. But art sure theyr husbands are a bed with 'hem?

Cha. I thinke so Sir, I know not, I left 'hem together in one roome: and what diuision fell amongst 'hem, the fates can descouer not I.

Tent. Leaue vs good Chamberlaine, wee are some of their friends: leaue vs good Chamberlaine: be merry a little: leaue vs honest Chamberlaine—*Exit.* Wee are abuzd, wee are bought and sold in *Brainford* Market; neuer did the sickneſſe of one belyed nurse-child, sticke so cold to the heartes of three Fathers: never were three innocent Cittizens so horribly, so abhominably wrung vnder the withers.

Both. What shall wee do? how shall we helpe our selues?

Hony. How shall we pull this thorne out off our foote before it rancle?

Tent. Yes, yes, yes, well enough; one of vs stay here to watch: doe you see: to watch: haue an eye, haue an eare. I and my brother *Wafer*, and Maist. *Iustiniano*, will set the towne in an insurrection, bring hither the Constable, and his Billmen, breake open vpon 'hem, take 'hem in their wickednesse, and

and put 'hem to their purgation.

Both. Agreed. *Par.* Ha, ha, purgation.

Tent. Wee'le haue hem before some Countrey Iustice of *Coram* (for we scorne to be bound to the Peace) and this Iustice shall draw his Sword in our defence, if we finde hem to be Malefactors wee'le tickle 'hem.

Hony. Agreed: doe not say, but doo't come.

Par. Are you mad? do you know what you doe? whether will you runne?

All 3. To set the Towne an an vprore.

Par. An vprore! will you make the Townes-men think, that *Londoners* neuer come hither but vpon Saint *Thomases* night? Say you should rattle vp the Constable: thrash all the Countrey together, hedge in the house with Flayles, Pike-staues, and Pitch-forkes, take your wiues napping, these Westerne Smelts nibling, and that like so many *Vulcans*, euery Smith should discouer his *Venus* dancing with *Mars*, in a net? wud this plaster cure the head-ake.

Tent. I, it wood. *All* 3. Nay it shud.

Par. Nego Nego, no no, it shall bee prou'd vnto you, your heads would ake worse: when women are proclaymed to bee light, they striue to be more light, for who dare disproue a Proclamation. *Tent.* I but when light Wiues make heauy husbands, let these husbands play mad *Hamlet*; and crie reuenge, come, and weele do so.

Mist. Iust. Pray stay, be not so heady at my intreaty.

Par. My wife intreats you, and I intreat you to haue mercy on your selues, though you haue none ouer the women. Ile tell you a tale: this last Christmas a Cittizen and his wife (as it might be one of you) were inuited to the Reuells one night at one of the Innes a Court: the husband (hauing businesse) trusts his wife thither to take vp a roome for him before: shee did so: but before shee went; doubts arising, what blockes her husband would stumble at, to hinder his entrance, It was consulted vpon, by what token, by what tricke,, by what banner, or brooch he should bee knowne to bee hee when hee wrapt at the Gate:

All 3. Very good.

Par. The croud he was told would be greater, their clamors greater, and able to droune the throats of a ſhoule of fiſhwiues: he himſelfe therefore deuiſes an excellent watch-word, and the ſigne at which he would hang out himſelfe, ſhould be a horne: he would wind his horne, and that ſhould giue 'hem warning that he was come.

All. 3. So. *Par.* The torchmen and whifflers had an *Item* to receaiue him: he comes, ringes out his horne with an allarum, enters with a ſhowte, all the houſe riſes (thinking ſome ſowgelder preſt in) his wife bluſht, the company Ieſted, the ſimple man like a begger going to the ſtocks laught, as not being ſencible of his own diſgrace, & hereupon the punyes ſet downe this decre that no man ſhall hereafter come to laugh at their reuells (if his wife be entred before him) vnles he cary his horne about him *Waſ.* Ile not trouble them.

Par. So if you trompet a broad and preach at the market croſſe, you wiues ſhame, tis your owne ſhame.

All. What ſhall we doe then!

Par. Take my councell, Ile aske no fee fort: bar out hoſt: baniſh mine hoſtes, beate a way the Chamberlin, let the oſtlers walke, enter you the chambers peaceably, locke the dores gingerly, looke vpon your wiues wofully, but vpon the euill-doers, moſt wickedly. *Tent.* What ſhall wee reap by this.

Par. An excellent harueſt, this, you ſhall heare the poore mouſe-trapt-guilty-gentlemen call for mercy; your wiues you ſhall ſee kneelig at your feet, and weeping, and wringing, and bluſhing, and curſing *Brainford* and crying *pardona moy, pardona moy, pardona moy*, whilſt you haue the choiſe to ſtand either as Iudges to condemne 'hem, beadles to torment 'hem, or confeſſors to abſolued 'hem: And what a glory will it be for you 3. to kiſſe your wiues like forgetfull husbands, to exhort and forgiue the young men like pittifull fathers; then to call for oares, then to cry hay for London, then to make a Supper, then to drowne all in Sacke and Suger, then to goe to bed, and then to riſe and open ſhop, where you may aſke any man what he lacks with your cap off, and none ſhall perceiue whether the brims wring you. *Tent.* Weele raiſe no townes.

Hony. No, no, lets knock fiſt. *Wa.* I thats beſt Ile ſomon a pale. -- *knocks!* *Cla.*

Cla Whose there? haue you stock-fish in hand that you beat so hard: who are you? *Tent.* thats my wife; let *Iustiniano* speak for al they know our Tongues. *Cla.* What a murren aile these colts, to keepe such a kicking? *Monopoly.* *Par.* Yes.

Cla. Is M. *Lynstock* vp too, and the Captaine.

Par. Both are in the field: will you open your dore?

Cla. O you are proper Gamsters to bring false dice with you frō London to cheat your selues. Ist possible that 3 shallowe women should gul 3. such Gallants. *Tent.* What meanes this.

Cla. Haue we defied you vpon the wals all night to open our gates to you ith morning. Our honest husbands they (silly mē) lie praying in their beds now, that the water vnder vs may not be rough, the tilt that couers vs may not be rent, & the strawe about our feete may keepe our pritty legs warme. I warrant they walk vpō Queen-hiue (as *Leander* did for *Hero*) to watch for our landing, and should we wrong such kind hearts? wud we might euer be trobled with the tooth-ach thē. *Tent.* This thing that makes fooles of vs thus, is my wife. *Knockes.*

Mab. I, I knock your bellies full, we hugg one another a bed and lie laughing till we tickle againe to remember how wee sent you a Bat-fowling. *Waf.* An Almond Parrat: that's my *Mabs* voice, I know by the sound. *Par.* Sfoote you ha spoild halfe already, & youle spoile al, if you dam not vp your mouths villanie! nothing but villany, Ime afraid they haue smelt your breaths at the key-hole, & now they set you to catch Flouders, whilst in the meane time, the concupiscentious Malefactors make 'em ready & take Lōdō napping. *Al* 3. Ile not be guld so

Ten. Shew your selues to be men, and breake open dores.

Par. Breake open doores, & shew your selues to be beasts: if you break opē dores, your wiues may lay flat burglary to your charge. *Hony.* Lay a pudding; burglarie.

Par, Will you then turne *Coridons* becausse you are among clowns? shal it be said you haue no braines being in *Brainford.*

M. Parenthesis we will enter and set vpon 'em.

Par, Well do so: but enter not so that all the countrey may crie shame of your doings: knocke 'hem downe, burst opē *Erebus,* and bring an old house ouer your heads if you do.

Waf No matter, weele beare it of with head & shoulders. *kn*

Mab. You cānot enter indeed la, gods my pittikin our 3 husbands

bands ſomon a parlee; let that long old woman either creepe vnder the bed or elſe ſtand vpright behind the painted cloth. *Exit.* *Waſ.* Doe you heare: you *Mabel*: *Mab.* Lets neuer hide our heads now, for we are deſcouered.

Hony. But all this while, my *Hony-ſuckle* appeares not.

Par. Why then two of them haue pitcht their tents there & yours lies in Ambuſcado with your enemy there.

Hony. Stand vpon your gard there, whilſt I batter here. *knock.*

Mono. Who's there? *Par.* Hold, Ile ſpeake in a ſmall voice like one of the women; here's a friend: are you vp? rize, rize; ſtir, ſtirre. *Mono.* Vds foote, what Weaſell are you? are you going to catch Quailes, that you bring your pipes with you. Ile ſee what troubled Ghoſt it is that cannot ſleepe. *Lookes out.*

Tent. O Maiſt. *Monopoly* God ſaue you.

Mono. Amen, for the laſt time I ſawe you, the Diuell was at mine elbow in Buffe, what! 3 mery men, & 3. mery men, & 3. merry men be we too, *Hon.* How do's my wife M. *Monop.*

Mono. Who? my ouerthwart neighbour: paſſing well: this is kindly don: Sir *Gozlin* is not far from you: wee'le ioyne our Armies preſently, here be rare fields to walk in-Captaine rize, Captain *Lynſtock* beſtir your ſtumps, for the *Phileſtins* are vpon vs. *Exit.* *Tent.* This *Monopoly* is an arrant knaue, a cogging knaue, for all hees a Courtier, if *Monopoly* bee ſufferd to ride vp and downe with other mens wiues, hee'le vn-do both Citty and Countrey. *Enter the three wiues.*

Par. *Mol*, maske thy ſelfe, they ſhall not know thee.

All 3. How now ſweet hearts, what make you here.

Waſ. Not that which you make here.

Tent. Mary you make Bulls of your husbands.

Cla. Buzzards do we not? out you yellow infirmities: do al flowers ſhew in your eyes like Columbines.

Waſ. Wife what ſaies the Collier? is not thy Soule blacker then his coa'es? how does the child? howe does my fleſh and bloud wife? *Mab.* Your fleſh and bloud is very well recouered now mouſe- *Waſ.* I know tis: the Collier has a ſack-full of newes to empty.

Tent. *Clare* Where be your two ringes with Diamonds?

Clare, At hand ſir, here with a wet finger.

Tent.

Tent. I dreamt you had loſt hem--what a prophane varlet is this ſhoulder clapper, to lye thus vpon my wife & her ringes.

Enter Monopoly, Whyrlpoole *and* Lynſtock.

All. 3. Saue you gentlemen;

Tent. Hony. Waſ. And you and our wiues from you.

Mono. Your wiues haue ſaude themſelues for one.

Tent. Maiſt. *Monopoly*, tho I meet you in hte *Germany*, I hope you can vnderſtand broken Engliſh, haue you diſcharg'd your debt.

Mono. yes Sir; with a duble charge, your *Harpy* that ſet his ten commandemets vpon my backe had 2. Dyamondes to ſaue him harmles.

Tent. of you Sir.

Mono. Me Sir, do you think there be no dyamond courtiers.

Enter. Ambuſh,

Tent. Sargent *Ambuſh* iſſue forth, *Monopoly* Ile cut off your conuoy maiſt, Sargant *Ambuſh*, I charge you as you hope to receaue comfort from the ſmell of *Mace* ſpeake not like a Sargent, but deale honeſtly, of whome had you the dyamondes.

Amb. Of your wife Sir if Ime an honeſt man.

Cla. Of me you peuter-buttoned raſcall.

Mono. Sirra you that liue by nothing but the carion of poultry. *Cla.* Schoole Maiſter harke heither.

Mono. Where are my Iems and pretious ſtones that were my bale.

Amb. Forth comming Sir tho your mony is not, your crediter has hem.

Par. Excellent; peace, why M. *Tenterhooke*, if the dyamondes be of the reported valu e, Ile paie your mony receaue 'em, keepe 'hem till Maiſt. *Monopoly* be fatter ith purſe: for Maiſt. *Monopoly* I know you wil not be long empty Maſt. *Monopoly*.

Cla. Let him haue 'hem good *Tenterhooke*, where are they.

Tent. At home, I lockt 'hem vp. ——— *Enter* Birdlime.

Bird. No indeed for-ſooth, I lockt 'hem vp, & thos are they your wife has, and thoſe are they your husband (like a bad liuer as he is) would haue giuen to a neice of mine, (that lies in my houſe to take phiſick) to haue committed fleſhly treaſon with her. *Tent.* I at your houſe---you old---

Bird. You perdy, and that honeſt batchiler, neuer call me old for the matter. *Iud.* Motherly woman hees my husband and no Batchelers buttons are at his doublett

Bird. Ias, I ſpeake Innocently and that leane gentleman ſet in his ſtaffe there: But as Ime a ſinner, both I and the yong woman had an eye to the mayne chance, & tho they brought more a bout 'hem than capten *Candiſhis* voiage came to, they ſhould not, nor could not (vnles I had bin a naughty woman) haue entred the ſtraytes. *All.* 3. Haue we ſmelt you out foxes.

Cla. Doe you come after vs with hue and cry when you are the theeues your Selues.

Iud. Murder I ſee cannot be hid, but if this old *Sybill* of yours ſpeake oracles, for my part, Ile be like an Almanacke that threatens nothing but foulewether.

Tent. That bawd has bin dambd. 500 times, and is her word to be taken.

Par. To be dambd once is enough, for any one of her coate.

Bird. Why Sir, what is my coat that you ſit thus vpon my Scirts.

Par. Thy Coat is an ancient Coat, one of the ſeauen deadly ſinnes, put thy coat firſt to making; but do you heare, you mother of Iniquity, you that can looſe and find your eares when you liſt, go, ſaile with the reſt of your baudie-traffikers to the place of ſixe-penny Sinfulneſſe the ſubvrbes.

Bird. I ſcorne the Sinfulneſſe of any ſubvrbes in Chriſtendom tis wel knowne I haue vp-rizers and downe-lyers within the Citty, night by night, like a prophane fellow as thou art.

Par. Right, I know thou haſt, Ile tell you Gentle-folkes, theres more reſort to this Fortune-teller, then of forlorne wiues married to old husbands, and of Greene ſickneſſe Wenches that can get no husbands to the houſe of a wiſe-Woman, Shee has tricks to keepe a vaulting houſe vnder the Lawes noſe.

Bird. Thou doſt the Lawes noſe wrong to bely mee ſo.

Par. For either a cunning woman has a Chaber in her houſe or a Phiſition, or a picture maker, or an Attorney, becauſe all theſe are good Clokes for the raine. And then if the female party that's cliented aboue-Staires, be yong, Shees a Squires daughter of lowe degree, that lies there for phiſicke, or comes

vp tobe placed with a Counteſſe: if of middle age, ſhees a Widow, and has ſutes at the terme or ſo.

Iud. O fie vpon her, burne the witch out of our company.

Cla. Lets hem her out off Brainford, if ſhee get not the faſter to London.

Mab. O no, for Gods ſake, rather hem her out off London and let her keepe in Brainford ſtill.

Bird. No you cannot hem me out of London; had I known this your rings ſhould ha bin poxt er-I wud ha toucht 'hem: I will take a paire of Oares, and leaue you. *Exit.*

Par. Let that ruine of intemperance bee rakt vp in duſt and aſhes, and now tell me, if you had rayſed the Towne, had not the tiles tumbled vpon your heads: for you ſee your Wiues are chaſt, theſe Gentlemen ciuill, all is but a merriment, all but a May-game; ſhe has her Diamonds, you ſhall haue your money the child is recouered, the falſe Collier diſcouered, they came to Brainford to be merry, you were caught in Bird-lime; and therefore ſet the Hares-head againſt the Gooſe-giblets, put all inſtruments in tune, and euery husband play muſicke vpon the lips of his Wife whilſt I begin firſt.

Omn. Come wenches bee't ſo,

Cla. Miſt. *Iuſtiniano* if you were aſham'd all this while of ſhewing your face, is ſhe your wife Schoolemaiſter.

Par Looke you, your Schoole-maiſter has bin in *France*, and loſt his hayre, no more *Parentheſis* now, but *Iuſtiniano*, I will now play the Merchant with you, Looke not ſtrange at her, nor at mee, the ſtory of vs both, ſhall bee as good, as an olde wiues tale, to cut off our way to London.

Enter Chamberlain,

How now?

Cham. Alas Sir, the Knight yonder Sir *Gozlin* has almoſt his throat cut by Powlterers and Towneſ-men and raſcalls, & all the Noiſe that went with him poore fellowes haue their Fidle-caſes puld ouer their eares.

Omn. Is Sir *Gozlin* hurt?

Cham. Not much hurt Sir, but he bleedes like a Pig, for his crowne's crackt.

Iud. Then has he beene twiſe cut ith head ſince we landed,

once with a Pottle-pot: and now with old iron.

Par. Gentlemen haſten to his reſcue ſome, whilſt others call for Oares.

Omn, Away then to London.

Par. Farewell Brainford.

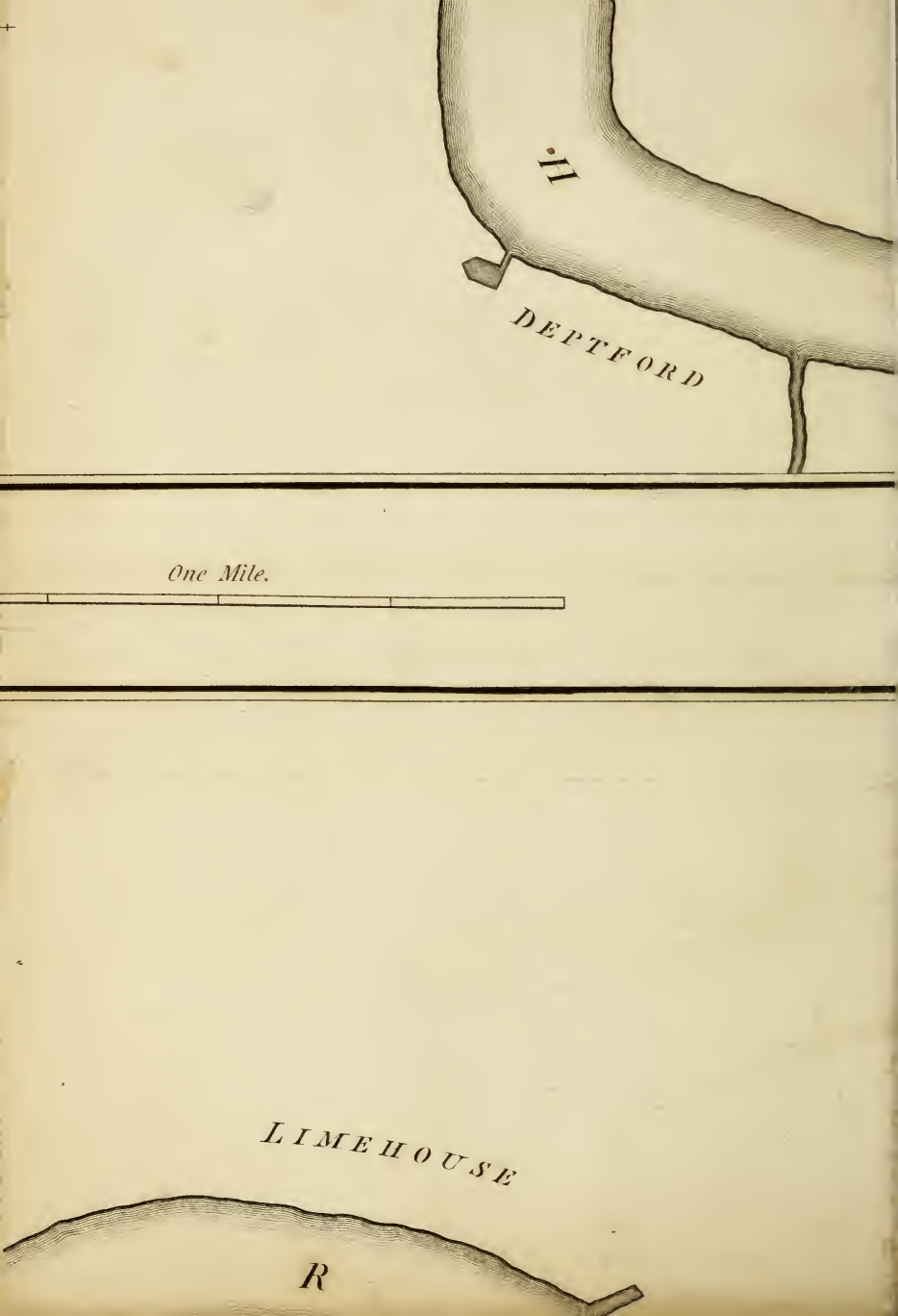
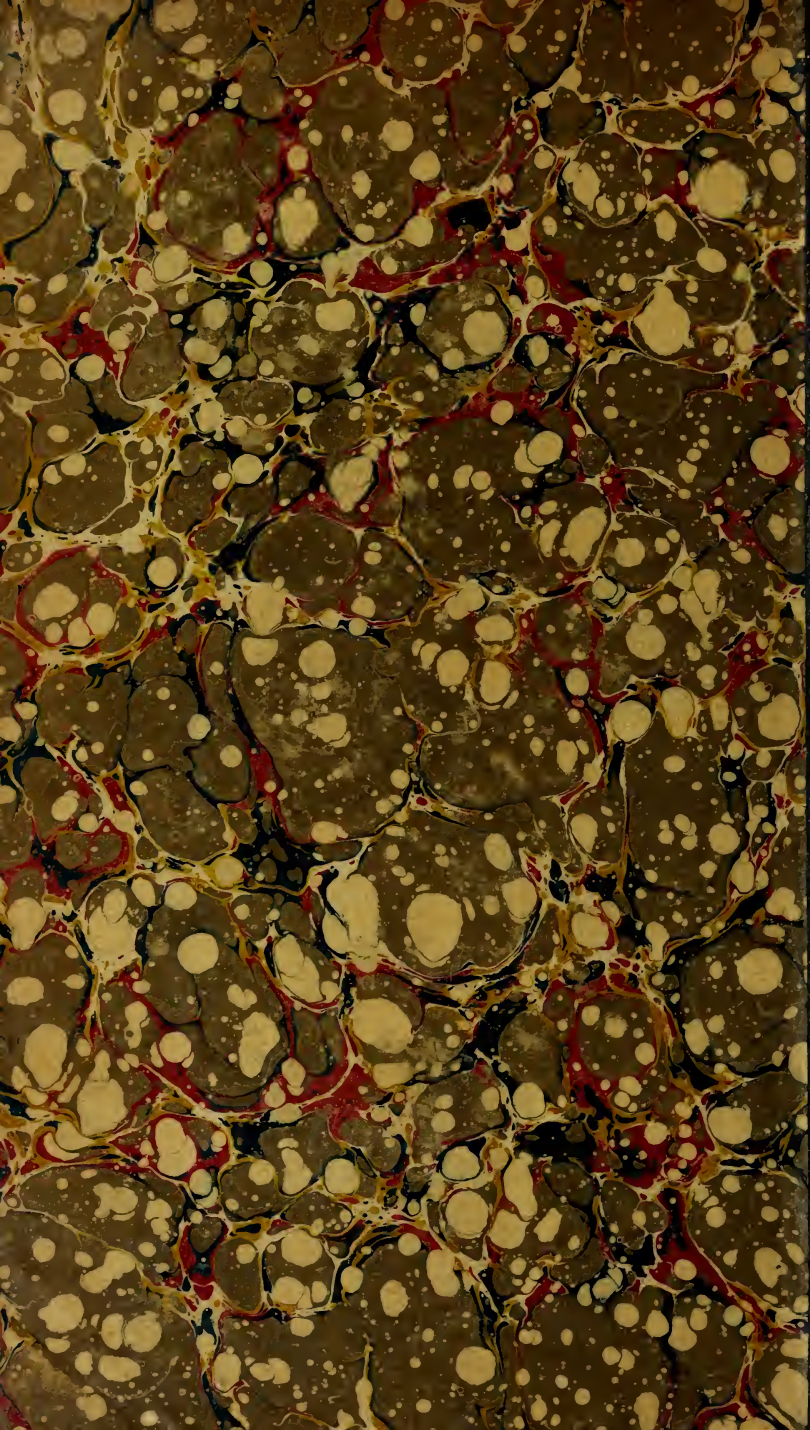
Gold that buyes health, can never be ill ſpent,
Nor howres laid out in harmeleſſe meryment. *Exeunt.*

Finis Act. Quint.

SONG.

OAres, Oares, Oares, Oares:
To London hay, to London hay:
Hoiſt up ſayles and lets away,
for the ſafeſt bay
For vs to land is London ſhores.
Oares, Oares, Oares, Oares:
Quickly ſhall wee get to Land,
If you, if you, if you,
Lend vs but halfe a hand.
O lend vs halfe a hand. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.


DEPTFORD
One Mile.
LIMEHOUSE
R